

NEW YORK Saturday Journal

A POPULAR PAPER

ENTERED according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by BRADLEY AND COMPANY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

PLEASURE & PROFIT

Vol. III.

F. F. Beadle,
William Adams,
David Adams,
PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 29, 1872.

TERMS IN ADVANCE

One copy, four months, \$1.00.
One copy, one year, 3.00.
Two copies, one year, 5.00.

No. 120.

MUSIC ON THE WATER.

BY MAP HAZARD.

The sun sinks in the golden west—
The stars come twinkling one by one—
The sweet-toned warbler seeks his nest—
All nature sleeps—the day is done.

A shield of silver rides the moon—
And flings her shen on the rippling mere,
From voice and love in sweet attire,
Falls music soft on the list'ning ear.

A wailing cry from a bleeding heart,
It fleighs the air with its load of woe,
And strains, warm tears of pity start,
In eyes unused to their tender flow.

The minstrel, lost in her moving theme,
Seems pouring forth her soul in song;
I bow my head on my hands and dream,
And things long past on my memory throng.

And now is spent that low-breathed plaint,
And stilled the voice of harp and lip;
All sounds are hushed, save the murmur faint
Of ripples, stirred by the oar's dip.

ROYAL KEENE, THE California Detective: OR, The Witches of New York.

A ROMANCE OF FOUR GIRLS' LIVES.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND KIT," "WOLF DEMON," "ACE
OF SPADES," "RED MAZEPA," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

PREPARING FOR BATTLE.

A slight quiver agitated Van Rensselaer's handsome face as he listened to the threat of the Californian.

"You place the rope of the hangman around my throat?" he said.

"That's my little game, to use the slang term," replied the detective, coolly.

"You will find it to be a difficult matter."

"But I'll do it, you can bet all your rocks on that. You murdered O'Kale, and for that murder you must answer to the law."

"You in person will not call me to an account," Van Rensselaer said, a sneer upon his lips.

"It would be poor and paltry vengeance for me, if my hand alone were to strike you. Had I wished to constitute myself the minister of justice, I should not have taken the trouble to visit you and forewarn you of your danger. But I wish you to know that I am living—that I am on your trail, and that my purpose is to give you to a shameful death. You must know that the blow comes from me, or else my vengeance would lose half its sweetness."

"Your words sound like an old-time romance," Van Rensselaer said, flippantly.

"You really take the trouble to warn me of the danger that I am in."

"Exactly; that you may be on your guard," replied the Californian, quietly. "It is to be a fair and open fight between us—no bushwhacking—and, as the old-time romance would say, may God defend the right."

Van Rensselaer's lip curled in disdain.

"Now for the programme," continued the white-haired detective. "In the first place, I am going to strike at your reputation. You are part owner of a gambling-room on Twenty-third street. I propose to let the public at large know that fact. I intend to hold you up before all New York as a cheating rascal—a blackleg."

Van Rensselaer started, and cast a glance of fire at the Californian, but it did not trouble that cool and determined gentleman in the least.

"Then, that great and good work accomplished, I'm going to strike at your fortune," continued Bright. "Your half-sister, Alice—I intend to find her and give her the rights to which the law entitles her. After these two blows—the first at your reputation, the second at your fortune—I strike at your life; but the law will be the weapon that I shall use."

"And you intend to do all this?" Van Rensselaer questioned, in contempt.

"You've heard my programme."

"You have forgotten one very important fact."

"Indeed! and what is it?" asked the detective, not in the least disturbed.

"A certain paper, calling for a hundred dollars, purporting to be signed by me and bearing your indorsements," Van Rensselaer said, a cold look in his clear blue eyes, and a tone of triumph in his voice.

"Bless you! I remember all about that," Bright said, carelessly.

"That paper is still in existence, still in my possession, still a weapon against you. I can revive the old forgery charge and send you up to Sing Sing, where you will have ample time to reflect upon the folly of contending with me!" Van Rensselaer exclaimed, in triumph.

"Easy as falling off a log, ain't it?" Bright asked, with a good-humored smile upon his bronzed features. "But, David, my boy, to use the old expression, that chicken won't fight. That bit of paper was indorsed by Royal Keene. Good; I won't dispute that fact; but now, just prove if you can that I am Royal Keene."

Van Rensselaer saw at a glance the strength of the other's position, and his face clouded over again.

"Three years have changed me greatly," continued the Californian. "James Bright, the Californian detective, doesn't look much like Royal Keene, the drunken Tombs lawyer. Any good legal gentleman will tell



"Now I tell you what I do; you introduce me, and I give you nice diamond ring."

you that the identity question is a very difficult one to handle sometimes. Besides, three years have elapsed since the little bit of paper that we speak of saw the light; that complicates the case a little. In regard to the identity question, of course, between ourselves, now that no witnesses are by, except the four walls that surround us, I frankly confess that I am the man, but at the same time defy you to prove it."

"Time will show, sir, which of us holds the winning hand," returned Van Rensselaer, fiercely.

"Co-rect," said the Californian, in his off-hand, easy way. "And now that I have delivered my cartel, that you are in possession of the fact that the war between us is to the death, I will take my departure. Be on your guard, for I shall commence operations at once. Adieu."

And with graceful, easy politeness, the cool, careless stranger bowed himself out of the apartment.

Van Rensselaer remained for a few moments silent in thought. He paced slowly up and down the room. The sudden and unexpected appearance of the man who he supposed had perished in the flames of the burning house three years before, was an event calculated to interfere materially with his plans. Then the thought of the old savant from India, who carried with him the missing will, came into Van Rensselaer's mind.

"If this fellow, by any strange accident, should learn of the existence of the will," he murmured, "then, indeed, he might be able to strike a blow at me which would require all my skill to parry. I must act promptly. No time is to be lost. I need an agent in this matter, for it will not do for me to appear at all in the affair."

Van Rensselaer caressed the ends of his silken mustache, reflectively. Suddenly his gloomy face lighted up.

"I have the very man!" he muttered. "Tom Bishop! He, evidently, lives by his wits; a cool, shrewd fellow I should judge from what I have seen of him; the very man for my purpose."

Van Rensselaer glanced at his watch.

"Twenty minutes past ten. Just about the time to catch him on Broadway. I have noticed him standing in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel at this hour a dozen times or so. I may as well hunt him up at once. And now, Mr. Royal Keene, we shall see who will win in the struggle that is fated to take place between us."

Van Rensselaer procured his hat and gloves, and left the house.

He took his way down the avenue.

As he had anticipated, in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel he saw the man he was in search of.

Tom Bishop was a man of thirty, about the medium height, with jet-black hair, cut tight to his head, and a mustache, which in color and stiffness resembled the bristles of a blacking-brush. There was something of the air of the well-known class, generally termed "Bowery Boys," about Mr. Bishop; what a newsboy would term "gallus." The New York "slang" is very expressive sometimes.

Bishop was dressed in style, sported his yellow kids and his dainty cane, yet, as Van Rensselaer had remarked, he evidently lived by his wits, as no one of his acquaintance had ever heard him speak of following any occupation.

Where he lived was also great a mystery as how he lived. During the daytime, after ten A. M., he was generally to be found either in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel or lounging carelessly up and down Broadway. At night the theater lobbies and the various club-rooms—gambling-hells—of Broadway and the up-town cross-streets were graced by his presence.

Then, every once in a while, for a week or a month at a time, Mr. Bishop would suddenly disappear, and then again as suddenly reappear.

Where he went to or what he did no one knew.

Mr. Bishop had quite an extensive list of acquaintances. He was a jolly, good-natured fellow, always flush with money, and not afraid to spend it; consequently his so-

ciety was rather sought after by the young gentlemen desirous of seeing city life in all its various aspects.

Of course it was whispered that Mr. Bishop was a "sport," by which title the world knows the men who run gambling-houses, bet on horse-races and kindred affairs; but no one could say, of their own personal knowledge, that they knew of any thing discreditable to Mr. Bishop's character.

Such was the man whom Van Rensselaer was in search of; whom he desired to use as an instrument to further his own ends.

Van Rensselaer nodded to Bishop as he approached, and extended his hand in greeting, somewhat to that gentleman's astonishment.

CHAPTER V.

LAYING THE SNARE.

"GOOD-MORNING," Van Rensselaer said, shaking the hand of the other cordially.

"Good-morning," replied Bishop, evidently amazed at the warm manner of the other.

"Didn't see you about last night."

"No; I had a little business to attend to."

"Ah, that reminds me, I've got a little bit of business that I want to talk to you about. If you have nothing better to do, join me in a stroll down Twenty-third street and I will explain matters."

"All right, I'm agreeable," Bishop replied, tersely, and the two left the front of the hotel and turned down Twenty-third street.

"Now, we will begin right at the beginning," Van Rensselaer said, commencing the conversation; "there is nothing like speaking plainly. Is a hundred dollars of any service to you?"

"Not to be sneezed at," replied Bishop, who perceived the drift of the question on the instant.

"Good; now I'll come to the point at once. There is a certain matter which concerns me greatly and which I can not at-

tend to in person. I want some one to look after my interests, and I thought, possibly, I might be able to come to some arrangement with you in regard to the matter. Of course I suppose that it is hardly necessary for me to say that the affair is a very delicate one and must be handled carefully."

Bishop nodded intelligently.

"I don't think that my lawyer could attend to it, nor my doctor. It requires a cool, experienced man of the world."

"Yes, I think that I understand; when you say, 'man of the world,' you mean a fellow up to all sorts of rascality?"

"Exactly."

"I think you've come to the right shop, then," the New Yorker said, complacently; "there isn't much going on in this little town that I ain't up to."

"That is what I thought. Of course this thing must be kept secret."

"Oh, of course; never do to tell tales out of school, you know."

"I will explain all the particulars. A certain party is coming to New York. When that party arrives in New York, I want him induced to go some place where he can drink something that will put him to sleep for ten or fifteen minutes; nothing to endanger his life of course."

"I understand," Bishop said, winking knowingly.

"Do you know of any place where he can be taken, and will you take him there?"

"There's the whole affair in a nutshell."

"Well," Bishop said, reflectively, "this requires a little consideration. What sort of a man is he? young?"

"No, old," Van Rensselaer said; "a man who has spent the best part of his life in India."

"Do you think that he would be apt to be up to our city tricks?"

"Hardly."

"When will he arrive?"

"Wednesday afternoon."

"Wednesday afternoon," repeated Bishop, thoughtfully; "let me see, says the blind man. Wednesday night there's a grand masquerade ball at the Academy of Music. Now, if I could induce him to go there and then get some pretty woman to fascinate him and fool him into going with her, I know a place where we could fix him without any trouble."

"But the woman?" Van Rensselaer said, slowly. "It is not wise to trust a secret like this to the keeping of such a woman as we shall have to employ."

"There's just where the shoe pinches!" Bishop exclaimed.

A sudden thought occurred to Van Rensselaer.

"Where is the place to which you thought of taking the party?"

"John Allen's dance-house, in Water street. We can have a hack all ready. The old fellow will never know where he is going, nor the woman either for that matter."

"She need not know," Van Rensselaer repeated, thoughtfully; "that is true. I know a woman whom I can trust to serve as a decoy duck. I shall not let her know any of the details of the plan, nor in fact anything of it. I have thought of an idea that will blind her eyes as to our purpose. Now then, you must meet the old man at the depot, so that you will be able to pick him out of the crowd. I'll think of some excuse for my absence."

Slowly the two walked onward, arranging the details of their plan.

Van Rensselaer's face was bright and his eyes glistened as he plotted the destruction of the precious paper that the old savant from India was bringing. The wily David would not have felt so secure of triumph had he known that, when he accosted Bishop in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, from one of the windows of the reading-room the Californian detective beheld the meeting.

Leaving the two plotters to pursue their way down Twenty-third street, we will return to Broadway, the great artery of New York.

We will follow the great life-stream down the famous street of the New World.

Past Union Square, down the crowded thoroughfare till we pause in front of the new City Court House, that famous pile which has been slowly rising upward since the memory of the modern New Yorker runs back backward and which is not yet completed.

Just in front of the square two men had halted and had clasped hands.

Two men, strong contrast each to the other.

One, a German Jew by birth, a short, thick-set, portly man of fifty, with little keen black eyes, a hooked nose and a bearded chin, clad in a suit of black broadcloth. A beautiful solitary diamond glistened on his immaculate shirt-bosom, and a heavy cluster diamond ring adorned his little finger. A jolly, contented-looking gentleman was he; one evidently used to good living, and at peace with himself and all the world.

The other was a tall, thin person, with a thin face, shrewd gray eyes and sandy-colored hair, dressed carelessly in a dark-gray suit, and wearing a little soft felt hat, pulled down over his forehead.

The first of the two was the well-known Broadway diamond broker, Isaac Abrams; the second, the equally well-known light of the Bohemian world, Joe Howard, the writer—a gentleman who delighted in describing life in glowing colors, and whose ready pen was never restrained by the prosaic hand of truth.

"Ah, my dear, how you was all the time, eh?" exclaimed the broker, in his jolly, cordial way.

"Lively; how do you flourish?" the reporter said.

"I sh putty well. Ah, mine goot friend, I hafe got one leetle question to put to you. You know Mademoiselle Heloise, the danseuse?"

"Of course; I'm a particular friend of hers," Oward replied.

"So s'help me Isaac! you newspaper fellows knows everybody!" the German cried, with uplifted hands. "I say, I want an introduction to the lady."

"Certainly," are you intimated with the divine Heloise?" and the reporter poked the broker playfully in the ribs.

"She pretty girl, I go to the theater every night; I like fun," Abrams replied. "Now I tells you what I do; you introduce me, and I gifes you nice diamond ring; sparkles so that it puts your eye out."

"It's a bargain; shake," said Oward, laconically.

"Dat ish goot. Oh!" exclaimed Abrams, suddenly, "I hafe von little crow to pick with you. The next time you write what you call a sensation article about the diamond brokers on Broadway, you leaves me out, eh? So s'help me Isaac! all my friends come to me and say, 'You see the Police Gazette? It has a full description of you and of your place, and how you do business.' Dat is not right," and the worthy broker looked grieved, and shook his head sorrowfully.

"But I didn't mention any names; no one could guess who I meant," Oward replied, laughing.

"Yes, but you gifes a full description of me; you speaks of mine beard; you say I go to the theater every night; den you speaks of mine nose. So s'help me Isaac, you put my picture in next!"

"Oh I shan't go as far as to do that."

"I sh no joke. I always treats you well."

"Yes, but I did you justice. I said that you were an honest man, and one of the most liberal brokers on Broadway."

"Dat ish truth!" exclaimed the German, proudly. "I always gif half as much as a thing is worth, and never charge more as five hundred per shent interest. You don't put me in the paper no more, eh?"

"No, that's honest," Oward replied; "but I say, Abrams, if you want an introduction to Mademoiselle Heloise, come to the masquerade ball at the Academy of Music, Wednesday evening. She will be there, and you shall have your introduction."

"Dat ish all right; you ish a putty goot fellow, but you don't put me in de newspaper no more; good-morning," and the broker waddled onward, while the newspaper man continued his walk up-town.

CHAPTER VI.

THE OFFER.

KATIE sprang to her feet the moment the door closed behind the servant.

"I had better go, dear," she said; "remember my warning about Mr. Van Rensselaer. You're a dear, good little woman yourself, but you musn't imagine that everybody else is like you."

"I shan't forget, and I shall speak to Mr. Van Rensselaer very plainly," the actress replied, in her quiet way.

"That's right!" cried Katie, impulsively; "I confess I don't like him a bit. He's one of those proud fellows who seems to imagine that, because he's got a little money, he's a great deal better than any one else. Well, I'll run away, so that you can see your visitor. By-by!" and the light-hearted little girl hastened away.

Coralie remained for a few moments silent in thought; then she rose and descended to the little parlor of the boarding-house, where she found David Van Rensselaer awaiting her.

He rose at her approach, and bowed in his usual courtly way.

"Mr. Van Rensselaer," the girl said, and in the three words she contrived to throw such an expression of scornful wonder that it cut the cool and impassive gentleman to the quick. A hot flush came over his face, and his lips quivered as he spoke.

"You are doubtless astonished at my visit; permit me to explain," he said, quite humbly.

"You have deeply wronged me, sir, and I do not think that you will be able to explain that," Coralie replied, in cold contempt.

"I wrong you?" Van Rensselaer said, in confusion.

"Yes."

"How?"

"You have boasted among your friends of your intimacy with the actress. Like a coward, you spoke falsely. I have no father, no brother to defend me, and you have tarnished the good name which, actress as I am, I prize dearer than life."

The pale cheeks of the girl were flushed crimson with hot blood as she spoke.

Van Rensselaer bit his lip; his eyes were cast upon the ground, and his face was pale. Scidom in his life had he heard such bitter, cutting words.

"Coralie," he said, gently, and after quite a long pause, "I fear that some one has defamed me. True, I have spoken of you; mentioned, with some little pride, I confess, that I was honored with your friendship, but I have never boasted of that friendship. I value it too highly to do that. To prove to you how sincere I am in what I say, I now offer you my hand and heart. I shall be only too proud to make you my wife."

The girl looked at her suitor for a moment in wonder. She was not prepared for such an offer.

"You make me your wife?" she said, slowly. "You forget how different are our stations in life. Your wealthy friends would laugh at you for marrying the actress, the woman who works for her bread with both hands and brain."

"Coralie, I care very little for the world's opinion regarding my acts," Van Rensselaer replied. "Besides, the opinion of the world regarding those who follow the stage for a living has changed greatly within the last few years. There is no disgrace in honest labor. Think what a position my love can give you. I come of one of the old New York families, of as good blood as can be found in America. Wealth, social station, all shall be yours. No longer will it be a struggle for you against the world, but ease, rest, affluence. Perhaps you may answer that you do not love me; but I am sure that you like me, and in time the love may come."

"Do you know the story of my life?" the girl asked.

"No."

"Listen to it; then you will be able to decide whether I can accept your love or not."

"Sit down, and I will listen."

Van Rensselaer placed a chair by the window for the girl, then brought another for himself, and sat down by her side.

"Go on," he said.

"Three years ago a poor girl made a living selling fruit in the streets of this city. She was exposed to both insult and temptation. In front of the Tombs, in Center street, a man dared to insult her. A stranger standing by interfered, and with a single blow rescued her. From that time, that stranger, who was only a poor, wretched outcast like herself, befriended her. She learned to love him, for she saw that, despite his vices, he had a noble heart. One night the two, both alone in the world, both friendless, came to an understanding. Two hours afterward, standing together, watching a rude house blazing in flames, the girl was struck by a falling brick and hurled senseless to the earth. When she recovered, she found herself in the hospital. There Heaven took pity on the orphan, and sent a friend to aid her. One of the doctors, an old, gray-haired man, all alone in the world, felt compassion for the friendless girl. She told him her simple story, and, at the end of the three months, when she left the hospital, he offered to provide for her until she could choose a path in life, and by her own exertions gain her bread. A happy thought induced the girl to try the stage. Her second father had influence with one of the leading managers, and so secured a chance to try whether she had talent for acting or not. The attempt was made, and she succeeded. Her after-career you know."

"And the man whom she once loved?"

The girl shook her head.

"You do not know whether he is alive or dead?"

"No."

"The chances there are ten to one that he is dead, or he would long since have come forward to claim you."

"But I have changed my name. Doctor Warne did not think that my own was a suitable one for the new life that I chose, and so he re-baptized me as Coralie York."

"And your true name?"

"Susan Wilson."

"Not quite as pretty a name as the other," Van Rensselaer said, smiling. "Well, I have heard your story, and now I wait my answer."

"But I do not love you, although I will freely confess that I like you. There is something which bids me like you, despite myself. I can not tell what it is; I only know that the feeling exists."

"And in time that may grow into love."

"Perhaps so," the girl said, doubtfully.

"I am willing to risk it if you are."

"Give me three days to decide," the girl said, slowly.

"That is a bargain," he cried, quickly; "and now, Coralie, that I stand almost in the light of an accepted lover, I have a favor to ask of you."

"A favor? What is it?"

"You know that there is going to be a grand masquerade ball at the Academy of Music, next Wednesday evening?"

"Yes."

"I think not—I have not really decided yet."

"I wish, you would go, and allow me to act as your escort. I have a little scheme to put into execution wherein I need your aid. That is the favor I would ask."

"Why, what do you wish me to do?"

"There is an old friend of my father coming to town; he is to visit the masquerade, and I have laid a wager with a friend of mine that, at the ball, I will induce him to leave it and go to this friend's house. The gentleman is a queer fellow, full of odd whims and totally unfused to society, having spent the better part of his life in the jungles of India. You can use any device you please. It is only a simple masquerading joke. I will be by your side throughout the whole affair."

"Well, I will go, but I won't promise to aid you in this just until I see the gentleman," the girl said, slowly.

"There's no harm in it, I assure you!" Van Rensselaer exclaimed, earnestly; "but you shall see for yourself. I will come for you in a carriage about nine. What disguise will you wear?"

"Nothing but my black water-proof cloak, that covers me completely."

"Excellent; and now, Coralie, I will bid you good-by. Remember, I leave my fate in your hands." Van Rensselaer rose to go.

"You do not fear, then, the other love which I have confessed is in my heart?"

"Not a whit," he replied, gayly; "what have I to do with the dead past? It is with the living future that we must deal. Adieu."

Coralie accompanied him to the door, and Van Rensselaer descended the steps with a light heart.

A smile of triumph was on his handsome face as he walked up the street.

"She will snap up the bait, like a hungry trout the unwary fly that hovers too near the surface of the stream. Make her my wife!" and his lip curled in scorn. "Oh, no! I have other views than that, my ambitious little woman. 'Twas necessary to use some device to entrap her into serving my purpose at this masquerade, and that is as good as any. Now, if I can wrest the will from the hands of the old savant, I can laugh at this fellow, Keene, and his threats. Find the heir! there, too, I defy him!"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 119.)

Illness.—There is no good reason why every father and mother of a family should not be capable of dealing with all the lesser ailments to which their children are liable. For example, it is perfectly easy to ascertain whether a child is suffering from fever, by observing the tongue, the lips, and the pulse, and any person of ordinary intelligence should know what to do in such a case. There are doctors who will continue to make a mystery of disease so long as people are ignorant of the most elementary conditions of health and sickness. In many cases they must have their own way. One practical hint, however, may be given to young mothers. When your child is ill, and the doctor is sent for, observe carefully his proceedings. If, watch in hand, he feel the sufferer's pulse, ask him how he feels his opinion, and go through the process after him. In this way a large amount of valuable knowledge may be gained.

DO THE BEST YOU CAN.

BY ALLA LEFFEL.

When storms appear and raging wild
With winds assail your soul,
And adverse darkness wickedly
Your boldest schemes controul,
Do not despairing ever be,
But set yourself a man;
When things appear not as you would,
Why, do the best you can.

And when your castle reared with joy
Falls tottering to the ground,
Let not its fall your hopes destroy,
Nor your achieving wound;
Rebuild again, and stronger build,
And strive and be a man!
When things appear not as you would,
Why, do the best you can.

HAWKEYE HARRY,

THE

Young Trapper Ranger:

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF THE WOOD.

BY OLL COOMES.

AUTHOR OF THE "BOY SPY," "BOY CHIEF," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

A FEARFUL MOMENT.

DEATH stared the two fugitives in the face—death by the flames. They could not flee; the water was beneath them, and the reeds around them. Oh, it was awful thus to perish. All the terrors of a lifetime were compressed into a moment's duration.

And the fire! It was a sight as grand as terrible; and, with blanched face and glaring eyes, Hawkeye Harry sat and gazed upon the red wave that would soon envelop him and the fair being at his side.

"Oh, Harry! we will perish!"

The maiden's words started the youth from his stupor, and, as he gazed down into her face, now appearing ghastly in the lurid light, and saw her nestling closer to him, as if for protection, his manhood was aroused, and his usually quick inventive mind put to a terrible test.

He gazed quickly around. There was no possible chance of escape, but something must be done. His eyes fell upon Nora's shawl. Seizing it, he plunged it into the water, at the same time bidding Nora to throw herself in the bottom of the canoe.

The half-terrified maiden quickly obeyed, and the next moment she felt the wet shawl thrown over her form. She saw the youth's object—it was to save her.

"This is your only salvation, Nora," he said, in a hoarse, urgent voice. "Grasp several handfuls of moss that lay upon the surface of the water, and dragging it into the canoe in great flakes, he spread it over the maiden, also permitting it to trail over each rim of the canoe to protect its sides from the flames.

The poor girl found herself unable to move under her wet, dripping cover of shawl and moss.

Setting his rifle in one end of the canoe, the youth bade Nora not to attempt to remove her protection until the fire had passed, then he sprang into the bayou and hastened to secure himself.

On rolled the billow of flame, that gathered strength and volume as it advanced. Close to the water's surface the dry reeds were shaven by the flame, which swept all before it like a scythe. No smoke hovered over the fire's trail. The wind drove it on, in advance of the flame. Behind the fire, the water was black with ashes and studded with a million tiny sparks that lingered upon the burnt stubs near the surface of the water only for a moment, then died out, leaving the darkness unbroken.

Close upon the fiery heel of the flame crept three canoes. Their occupants were savages—ten in number.

A light of fiendish triumph glowed in the small, basilisk eyes of that ten; and their half-nude forms and painted faces made them appear grotesque and demon-like in the glare of the burning reeds.

Eagerly they glanced over the surface of the water, where it had been cleared of reeds, for the canoe, or writhing forms of their hidden enemy.

Suddenly a cry of joy burst from their lips. The flames swept by a canoe that lay rocking like a cradle upon the surface of the water.

Like arrows the canoes of the savage fiends shot toward the little stranger-craft. They ran alongside of it ere the fire was ten feet away. Eagerly they gazed within it. No sign of life was there. But in the front of the canoe reclined a rifle, whose barrel was glimmering with heat, and in the canoe and over its sides was a heap of moss, smoking with heat and steam.

Gray Hawk, second in rank to Black Buffalo, and his warriors sat motionless for several minutes, and gazed, in astonishment and baffled triumph, around them.

Where was the enemy that they had expected to find? They had not escaped from the reeds, for warriors had been posted all around the bayou.

Again the chief fixed his eyes upon the canoe and steaming moss, as though loth to believe that an enemy was not in it. Then, reaching out, he took hold of the moss and began dragging it out.

Little by little the warm and wet mass was removed from the craft and thrown overboard.

As the last of the moss was taken away a cry of surprise burst from the chief's lips. In the bottom of the canoe appeared the outlines of a human form wrapped in a red blanket or shawl.

Among the savages was the outlaw guide, Ulric Dubois, who had joined the Indians shortly after dark, having come directly from the camp of Henri Roche with the captain's message to Black Buffalo, who, with most of his warriors had set off for his village, leaving Gray Hawk to continue the search for the maiden and Hawkeye. Dubois had been assisting in the search, and no sooner did his eyes fall upon the red object in the canoe than he recognized it as the crimson shawl of Nora Gardette.

He at once reached out and pulled it away, and there, in the bottom of the canoe, they saw a prostrate and motionless form.

"It's her!" cried Dubois. "It's the girl, Gray Hawk; that the durned boy stole from our wagon."

"Waugh!" exclaimed the chief; "she's dead!"

"I believe not, chief," returned Dubois; "she was wet, protected. The flames couldn't get to her through that moss and shawl, and both soaked wet. Lift her up, chief; lift her up."

Gray Hawk sprang into the canoe and raised the motionless form in his arms.

A cry burst from his lips. She was not dead—the flame had not touched her, so

swiftly did it pass by. She had swooned, no doubt, from partial suffocation and fear.

The chief dipped up some water in the hollow of his hand and dashed it into her face, while Dubois produced a small flask of brandy, and poured a few drops of the liquid between her lips.

Signs of returning consciousness were at once made manifest, by a slight convulsion of the body.

But where, now, was young Hawkeye? Did not Henri Roche charge Black Buffalo to capture him at all hazards? The daring lad had been in the reeds, and had secured Nora before he left. This they knew beyond the shadow of a doubt, for Dubois recognized the rifle found with the maiden, as the same Hawkeye Harry had in his possession the night he came to their encampment on the prairie.

"Let my warriors search for Hawkeye," said the chief. "He is not far away. His hands laid the green moss over the maiden before he left. He is cunning as the fox, and is hard to kill. If he was cunning enough to save the maiden's life, he would not fail to save his own."

By this time the fire had reached the northern extremity of the bayou and was dying out. But in obedience to their chief's command, the warriors searched the bayou over for the young trapper, but their search was in vain. And at last, when the light of the burning reeds died out, they turned their canoes and struck for their encampment on the river bank.

Slowly Nora Gardette came back to life, and when she had fully regained consciousness, she found herself upon a couch of blankets and skins before a glowing fire.

In trying to collect her bewildered thoughts and recall her situation, her mind reverted to Hawkeye Harry, and, uttering a low cry, she sprang to her feet.

A heavy hand was laid upon her arm, and a voice said, in a deep, guttural tone: "Let the pale-face maiden rest easy. She can not escape. She is in the power and the camp of Gray Hawk."

With flashing eyes Nora turned upon the savage. She saw her situation in a moment, but she did not give way under it. Scorn, defiance and indignation seemed to have gained complete ascendancy over her womanly fears and gentler emotions, the instant the savage spoke. She was surprised, herself, that she possessed so much courage and intrepidity.

For a moment she stood and faced the chief—faced him until he was compelled to shrink away; then her eyes turned and scanned each form around her with a look that spoke plainer than words.

But, Hawkeye Harry was not there. Had he escaped the flames? She felt that he had, and a silent prayer of joy and thankfulness came up from her young heart.

In her inquiring glances and the faint smile that came to her lips, Gray Hawk seemed to have read the maiden's thought and emotions.

"You need not look for the young Hawkeye around our camp fire. His body lies yonder in the bayou, and his scalp hangs at the girdle of Gray Hawk," and with a glow of hellish triumph upon his broad, painted, sensual face, he tapped, with his finger, a reeking scalp-lock that hung at his girdle.

But it was the last falsehood that Gray Hawk was destined to utter, for the next moment he uttered a low cry, and fell dead at the feet of the maiden!

CHAPTER XV.

ON THE TRAIL.

At an early hour on the morning following the night of events at the bayou, a party of horsemen broke camp on the great prairie many miles south of Boyer lake.

They were white men, and with a few exceptions were dressed alike—in the uniform of the United States Dragoons. They were well armed and mounted upon animals that showed they had been hard pressed.

At the head of the company, with long, regular and rapid strides, a man dressed in a suit of buck-skin guided the soldiers. His eyes sought the ground before him in a steady gaze, for he was following the wagon trail of Henri Roche.

In the rear of the company rode two persons whose garbs told they were civilians, and, judging from appearance, they were men unused to the exposure and hardships of the frontier. In fact this was the case. The eldest of the two was Calvin Gardette, the father of Nora. The other was a nephew of Mr. Gardette's, and a devoted aspirant to his cousin Nora's hand.

Richard Parker—this was the young man's name—had accompanied Nora and her father from Ohio to the fort, where they had been stopping with Major Gardette, Nora's brother. And when it was known that Nora was gone, Richard was the first to volunteer his services to penetrate the Indian country in search of her. The father had no objection to his attention to his daughter, for he saw that the latter did not reciprocate his devotion beyond the bounds of an intimate friendship.

Richard was young—scarcely two-and-twenty—of an impulsive and enthusiastic nature, a free and dashing spirit.

"What think you, uncle?" he asked, as they rode along, "has that wagon-track been made within the last two days?"

"It certainly has, Dick," returned Mr. Gardette; "at least, our guide and scout say so, and they are versed in such matters."

"If so, we may come up with the enemy, be they Indians or white men, before night."

"Yes," replied Mr. Gardette; "but we may find then that we are following the trail of a party of honest traders. However, Lubin, the scout, is satisfied that the party we are following have got Nora. You know he figured the whole matter out very closely, and believes the abduction was arranged between a party of outlaws and the young scout, Ulric Dubois, who is now missing from the Post. The fact of finding Nora's hat in the river, and the edge of the bank crumbled off, and not her body, satisfied Lubin that she had been abducted, and these marks—the hat and crumbled banks—left to keep down suspicion of the facts. And from the course taken by the party after leaving the motte, where we just broke camp, the scout expressed fears that they were heading for old Rat Rongle's robber-den. If so, I fear I will never see my poor child again."

"Well, uncle, we will soon know if their trail is as plain all the way as along here."

"But, Dick, we may soon expect to have other dangers to encounter. The scout says we are getting into the Indian country now."

Here the conversation ended for the

time, and the party moved on in silence, reaching the Boyer river a few minutes before sunset. Here the party went into camp.

In gazing around him for a suitable spot for a camp-fire, a cry of surprise suddenly burst from the lips of Lubin, the scout.

"What now, Lubin?" asked the lieutenant of the dragoons.

"The wagon-trail ends on this blessed spot, and that's what the rascals had their camp-fire," replied Lubin, pointing to a heap of ashes.

All saw that Lubin was correct in his statement; but the scout, not satisfied with this discovery, advanced, and with his moccasined feet scattered the ashes.

"By Jehockey! I see into it now!" he exclaimed; "the white rascals hev burnt their wagon up onto this very spot. Here's some o' the nails that says so."

"But where are the other irons? Surely they didn't burn them up," said a dragoon.

"No, but I'll bet ye'll find 'em in the river if ye'll just take the trouble to look—See here!"

The scout picked out of the ashes several nails and screws, which satisfied every one that the wagon had been burned there, and the party had taken either to the river or horseback.

While the pursuers were busy in picking their animals to grass, and otherwise preparing for the night, Lubin was noticed to be very busy about the remnant of the camp-fire, and presently he announced another discovery.

He found that the ground under the ashes was broken up, loose, and he was satisfied that the outlaws, if such they were, had buried something there, and to conceal the spot, had burned the wagon over it.

In a few moments, half a dozen men were upon their knees removing the dirt from the spot with their hands.

Down two feet from the surface of the ground they came to a wooden chest, bound with straps of iron.

Great excitement prevailed, and some of the party could scarcely wait until the chest was unearthed before they began forcing it open; this was accomplished, however, and then another excitement prevailed over the contents, which were quite numerous.

The first article taken from the chest was a map of the territory—nothing more. Then came a number of letters, all of which had been addressed to Henri Roche, and were written in cipher. Two or three of recent date were signed "U. D.," which all believed stood for Ulric Dubois, the absent scout of the fort.

In the bottom of the box were found plates, engravers' tools, various colored inks, and, in fact, everything required by a band of successful counterfeiters and thieves.

This satisfied our friends that the party they were following was some of Rongle's robbers. Calvin Gardette groaned in spirit when he thought how probable it was that Nora was in the villains' power. He was anxious to move on that night, but his desire was overruled by Lubin, who informed him that it would not only be impossible to follow a trail, but decidedly dangerous.

"Thar's Ingins about, I'm satisfied," the scout said, "and then I ain't well enuff 'qu

The horseman turned, drew rein and gazed toward the party as though to make out who they were—whether friends or foes.

To enlighten him, the officer gave another blast upon the bugle, at the same time waving his cap above his head. Thereupon the horseman wheeled and galloped toward them.

When he was within a few rods of the party, old Lubin gave a shout of joy; then turning to his friends, said:

"Boys, we're in luck. That feller is Hawkeye Harry, the Boy Ranger."

CHAPTER XVI.

WHO WERE THEY?

BEFORE Old Optic could have time to fire upon Clouded Heart, Red Wing, who was standing by, struck up the muzzle of his gun, and the bullet whistled high above the masked stranger's head.

The old trapper quickly confronted the chief and demanded an explanation of his act.

"Would you slay a friend?" asked the chief.

"No!" retorted the trapper; "but I would slay an enemy. Didn't you see him makin' signs to them Injuns comin' out there?"

"I saw him wave a red scarf, but look through the bushes, pale-face, and you can see that the approaching horsemen are not Indians."

"Not Indians!" exclaimed Old Optic, as he peered through the opening out onto the plain.

"By heavens, you are right, Red Wing! It is a party of dragoons, and at their head I see that noble boy, Hawkeye Harry! Whoop! whoop! hurrah!"

and the old trapper bounded through the undergrowth into the prairie, where he was met by Hawkeye Harry and the dragoons.

"Hullo, my young friend," exclaimed Optic; "you're still on foot, eh?"

"Yes; though I have had some pretty narrow escapes," replied the young ranger.

"The red-skins got me into a bayonet last night, and tried to burn me out, and I only escaped by the skin of my teeth, just in time to sink a tomahawk into the brain of the Sioux chief, Gray Hawk. But what are you doing here, old friend?"

The youth dismounted as he asked the question, while Lubin, the dragoons and Mr. Gardette advanced and joined Red Wing and his warriors.

Old Optic briefly narrated all that had transpired under his observation since Harry had left the Crow, including the startling information of Clouded Heart.

"Then you're on your way to rescue your daughter?" said Harry, when he had heard the old trapper's sad story.

"Yes," replied the trapper.

"Then you can depend upon company and assistance, for these dragoons are going to the Sioux village to rescue the daughter of that elderly man on the white horse. I tell you, Optic, he is the father of the sweetest little woman I ever saw."

"Ah! oh, yes, certainly," laughed Old Optic. "But if she is a captive, how did you see her?"

The young ranger narrated his late adventures.

"And, Optic," he continued, "I'll rescue that girl if I lose my own life by the act."

"In love!" said the old trapper; "crazy in love! But, Harry, I want you to keep your eyes upon this masked stranger of whom I told you awhile ago. He calls himself Clouded Heart, and I must admit he is clouded in a great mystery."

"I'll do so, Optic. Now let us see what I can see of the stranger."

The two fellow-rangers joined the Indians and dragoons, who had entered upon terms of friendship and good feeling.

Clouded Heart stood aside by himself, and, as they advanced, Hawkeye Harry noticed that he fixed his glowing eyes upon the old trapper, with a steady gaze.

For a while he elicited much notice and curiosity from the soldiers and Mr. Gardette, but when they had learned of his sorrow through Old Optic, their attention became more of pity than curiosity.

A consultation was now held as to the proper course to pursue in rescuing the captives. The two parties had united their forces and were to act together thereafter.

They were now some ten miles from the Sioux village, and it was suggested by Hawkeye Harry that they remain in the timber until night, and then approach the enemy's stronghold under cover of darkness. The suggestion was no sooner advanced than acted upon, and in a few minutes the whole party had gone into a temporary encampment.

The day wore away quite slowly to some of the party, but by dusk every man was mounted and moving northward, guided by the young ranger and Lubin.

It was far in the night when a point on the prairie was reached, two miles from the Indian town. Here a halt was made for further consultation in regard to their course of action.

The suggestions advanced were many, and none but those of Hawkeye Harry and Red Wing coincided, and theirs was the one that all decided upon as the most likely to be attended with success.

They proposed to leave the horses with a strong guard, then steal forward on foot to the village, or close to it as they dare, without running into danger before they were prepared to meet it. If the warriors had all returned from their expedition it was thought best not to make an attack upon the town until they had seen what could be accomplished in their favor by stratagem, the white man's first expedient.

The Indian town was located upon a small creek flowing from Lake Okibogie. To the north of it a steep, wooded bluff arose several hundred feet above the level of the valley, and extended down to the encampment, most of which was enfolded within the shadow of the woods. South of the village a long, treeless, shrubless plain rolled away in gentle undulations for many miles.

Hawkeye Harry and Red Wing took the lead toward the village. They crossed the creek a mile below the place, and after hours of toil reached a point in the woods, in the rear of the town.

A reconnaissance was now to be made, and the perilous job fell upon the Boy Ranger, Lubin, the scout, and Red Wing.

Leaving their friends, the three crept forward through the woods and soon gained a point on the hill, where they had a fair view of the town.

The hour was late, but there were many fires burning, and apparently every man, woman and child was astir.

"That's sumthin' up," whispered Lubin, "or the red imps would all be in bed."

"Yes, they have war-dance," said Red Wing.

"Yes, and they've got a white male prisoner, too," added Hawkeye. "Look, nigh that central lodge, tied to a post."

Lubin and the chief did as directed. At the same time a low exclamation burst from the lips of the old scout.

"By jinks!" he said, "that captive is Richard Parker! The boy wasn't killed, arter all."

"He is the young man that Mr. Gardette was speakin' of, eh?"

"Yes. Heard 'em say at the fort he war the lover o' Gardette's gal."

Harry started at this information. Was it possible that Nora had a lover? The thought was a bitter one.

For some time the trio sat and watched the Indians moving about, apparently preparing for some exciting event. What was it? Were they going to torture Parker?

If such was the intention, the idea was suddenly abandoned, for they saw the prisoner taken to a lodge and guards posted around it.

Hawkeye Harry strained his eyes in hopes of getting a glance of Nora, but he was disappointed.

But he did see among the Indians, moving about in perfect freedom, Henri Roche and his men.

Gradually the savages retired and the camp-fires died out, but, between them and the camp, our friends saw a number of wary guards pacing to and fro upon their beat.

Red Wing proposed making a sudden attack upon the village in the dark. But Harry and Lubin opposed such a bloody course. They knew that the Fox warriors were thirsting for Sioux blood, and, if once under way, an indiscriminate massacre was sure to be the result.

"No, no, Red Wing," said the youth; "I hate a Sioux as bad almost as you do, but I'd never consent to see your women and children murdered. And if we should attack them and meet with a repulse, as I believe we would, then it would make matters worse. Let us be patient; but, bah! talk of patience to an Indian! But, boys, I've a plan in my head to rescue the prisoners, and if it should fail, nobody's scalp but my own would have to pay the forfeit."

"What is yer plan? Let's hear it," said Lubin.

The young ranger made known his plan of action.

"Ten to one ye'll git tomahawked," said Lubin.

Red Wing was silent, which was proof that he did not approve of the youth's project.

"I know it's dangerous, friends, but, if I lose my scalp, it won't be a serious loss. All I ask is your assistance or presence on the other side of the creek."

"Never fear; we'll be there," said Red Wing.

"We'll be there," repeated Lubin.

And together the two arose and crept softly away, leaving Hawkeye Harry alone to nerve himself for the execution of his dangerous and fearless undertaking—all for the sake of Nora Gardette.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 116.)

Madeleine's Marriage:

OR,
THE HEIR OF BROADHURST.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

AUTHOR OF "UNDER THE CLOUD."

CHAPTER XXXI.

CONCLUSION.

"SELF-DENIAL is a beautiful thing; but I couldn't stand it any longer."

These were George's words as he saw the consequence of his interference to save his friend from being murdered. He scratched his head, and looked at Lewis with an air of piteous embarrassment.

Dorant bade him go instantly for the nearest surgeon.

He then requested young Duclos to conduct the ladies to their own house.

Madeleine objected to leaving him; but he assured her that both his enemies were incapable of harming him. "This is no place for you now," he said. "I will come to you presently."

Frank took especial care to secure his prisoner in such a way that it would not be possible for him to break loose. As soon as he had seen the ladies safely housed he went to the nearest police station, and was accompanied by an officer on his return. Into his charge he committed Hugh Rawd, whom he accused as the murderer of his father many years before.

Without even a murmur or a movement, Hugh submitted to be handcuffed and led away to prison. The game of hazard at which he had played was lost.

The surgeon declared life extinct in the wounded man. The pistol ball had penetrated his heart.

In a very short space of time the house was filled with the police and the neighbors.

The testimony of the two men who had witnessed the accident was sufficient to show that Lewis Dorant was in no way accessory to the death of Jasper Marritt. He was not even in a situation for self-defense, and would the next instant have been the victim, but for George's interference. That young man had simply tried to prevent the slaughter of his friend. No blame was attached to either of them.

The body was placed upon a table, and the coroner summoned to hold his inquest.

Dorant and young Duclos then went after their friends.

Madeleine and her daughter had not touched the dinner that stood in the dining-room. They were in the drawing-room without any light, silent and in sadness, but thankful in their hearts to the overruling Providence that had protected them in all their dangers, and had reunited those so long separated.

When the door-bell sounded, Madeleine started up in sudden alarm, uncertain what news it brought; her daughter following her and clasping her arm. Swift steps were heard ascending the stairs, and the next moment both were clasped in loving arms. They wept for the fate even of the persecutor, called so suddenly to his last account.

The coroner's inquest was held early in the morning; the verdict showing that an accident had caused the pistol in the hands of the deceased to go off, while struggling to free himself so that he could complete the crime he meditated.

His papers were taken possession of by the authorities; but nothing was found which threw light upon his antecedents. He

had always been careful not to retain any thing that could do so.

What money was found was sent to Mrs. Clermont, as she was still called. She refused to receive it, and at Dorant's suggestion it was given to the wretched man lying in prison, that he might either use it to make restitution, or to improve his own condition.

Hugh was brought up for examination, and on the testimony of Morell and Lewis Dorant, was fully committed for his trial for murder.

It may as well here be mentioned that a week before the trial was to come off, he managed to commit suicide in prison.

Madeleine was impatient to give up the state and splendor which were no longer hers; and as she wished herself to renounce them in favor of the rightful heir, her husband took her to the house in Montague street.

Albert Morell was recovering, though very weak, and looking haggard and exhausted. He was in all respects a changed man. To look back on the worse than wasted years of his life was horrible to him. Literally he "abhorred himself." With the humility of true penitence, he could not bear to see his wife working and denying herself for him. He watched her as she moved about the room in her household offices, or prepared his food, and execrated himself for having chained her to degradation.

What was he, that her young life should be blighted for him? But for the crimes that had made him a fugitive, she might have recovered her splendid voice and maintained herself and her son in luxury.

Not a word had come in reply to his letter to his uncle, submissive and repentant as it was. Albert was rather glad of that; for he could hardly have borne to receive gifts in consequence of his sincere acknowledgments.

Emily had been reading the Bible to him after her morning work was done. Her son had gone out to his ill-paid labors, having partaken the frugal breakfast of tea and bread. A little cold broth had been warmed up for the invalid.

His wife remarked that he was looking paler than usual. He stretched out his thin hand and laid it on hers.

"You are fading, Emily, while I am recruiting," he said, tenderly. "I have seen it since I began to mend."

She shook her head with a languid smile. "A little tired, that is all."

"Never caring for yourself; only for me, who have been the curse of your life,"

"How can you speak so, Albert?" cried the wife, reproachfully.

"Have I not—from the beginning? I will own to you that, when I loved you first, I had no idea of making you my wife. I thought myself a gentleman, when I was only a blackguard; and looked on you as my inferior—though you were an angel because your father was a miller. When I heard you sing in London, I knew you had in you what would be a fortune to me, and then first I thought of you in earnest for a wife. Was I not a scamp for that?"

"You repented of that long ago," said Emily.

"Of my villainy; not of marrying you! Well, even after your failure at the opera, I saw that you might be successful in the concert-room. Marritt failed in his pursuit of you—you were struggling for a subsistence, and the boy, I thought, you had lost your chance of a respectable marriage, even to a tradesman, by the cloud that hung over you; the jealousy of that Italian woman closed the theater to you. I had begun to know myself for a villain; but I set my honorable birth against your sullied fame, and thought I offered odds when I made you another proposal of marriage."

"And so you did!" exclaimed the woman, covering her face. "But it was not my fault; I was deceived and betrayed! That villain had it in his power to right me, if he had chosen."

"I believe that, Emily; I do believe it!"

"You do? I am so glad to hear you say so!"

"I do; for you are not the woman to go astray, Emily. That villain—do I not know him for one?—could right you, as you say."

"Oh, if he would! If my boy—" She could not go on for tears.

"When I am well, I will see him. I can not bribe, but I can threaten him; for I hold his life in my hands. He shall be made to do you justice, Emily."

She pressed his hand gratefully.

"As I was saying: when I married you, I thought I was giving as much as I received. But I soon found out my mistake. The burden of my maintenance fell chiefly upon you. You sang at small concerts, taught music, and earned a decent subsistence, if I had not squandered it."

"Oh, Albert, do not go on."

"I came to see how worthless I was, and that you grew every day better and purer. How many years you bore with me! kept my faults out of sight, cherished what little good there was in me, received me when I was maddened with drink and beggared by gambling, and nursed me through troubles brought on me by ill company and ill courses. You showed yourself the angel, while I was a devil."

"You shall not go on, Albert."

"I have had your name, and your voice failed—have you ever reproached me?"

"I have had no cause!"

"You have made my child respect me; you have watched over me, borne with me, begged for me. I have known it all, Emily, and I have sworn to repay your goodness."

"Be silent, my husband!"

"I shall have the opportunity; I feel it in me that I shall. Better times are coming; and I shall be able to prove to you that I am not the wretch I have been. Better times, Emily—darling!"

He lifted her hand to his lips. She understood that his words referred to his expectations from his uncle Morell. She had long given up all hope of succor from that quarter.

But his words seemed a prophecy. There was a tap at the door, and the little girl of the house brought word that a lady and gentleman had called to inquire for Mrs. Morell and her son.

"Is it an old gentleman?" she asked, her thoughts reverting to the uncle.

"No, ma'am; not old nor young; but a fine-looking man. And such a beautiful lady!"

Unable to guess who were her visitors, Emily went down to meet them.

She recognized Madeleine at once. She had seen her at Broadhurst several times. She greeted her by name, wondering why she had come.

"Not Mrs. Clermont—but Mrs. Dorant," was the reply. "My husband"—and she presented him—"was saved from death; saved by your husband. Has he not told you the story?"

"He has not, madam."

"Then he must tell you. I am grateful to him—most grateful. He saved my Lewis; but it is only since yesterday that I knew he was living; only since last night."

Her voice faltered; but she presently recovered herself.

"And now I have it in my power to show my gratitude. My husband being alive cuts me off from the inheritance of Broadhurst, you know."

"I know," repeated Emily.

"Well, the estate is not going to the hospital, for the rightful heir is discovered."

A bewildered stare was the comment on this sentence.

"The true and lawful heir is your son."

"My son?"

"Here are the papers; the marriage lines; the church register; the certificate of baptism; the letters."

A vivid flush kindled Emily's pale cheek as she took the pocket-book, and a wild gleam of joy shot from her eyes.

"Where did you get these?" she asked, hurriedly.

"They were taken by my husband from the children who he kept them so long; Hugh Rawd had them."

"I knew he had them! I knew it!" cried the poor woman, trembling with excess of emotion.

"He meant to sell his secret at a high price; or to marry you and have the property, as—"

She did not finish the sentence. Dorant understood why, though Emily did not.

"Yes!" she exclaimed; "he wanted to marry me! He urged it again that night when we thought Albert was dying!"

"It was for the same purpose; but it pleased Heaven to baffle his evil designs. He is in prison, to be tried for the murder he committed many years ago. The papers were sent by my husband to me, and we have brought them to you."

"Oh, madam, how can I repay such goodness! My name—my boy's name—rescued from dishonor!"

"More than that: your son is the rightful heir of Broadhurst. You must take possession at once."

"My son—the heir?"

"Assuredly; you can prove him the lawful son of Edward Clermont. The will bequeathed all to him first; to me only in case Edward left no issue. No one can dispute your son's claim. I am ready to surrender everything."

"Oh, madam, how generous!"

"No; I am only just. Where is your son?"

"He has not come from his work. He will be here at one o'clock."

"Bring him to my house when he comes. There is the card with the address. Stay; the carriage shall be sent for you at half-past one, and I will summon the executors. Have you a solicitor?"

Emily shook her head.

"Then mine shall wait on you, if you please. Be sure to be ready. Now, Lewis, shall we go?"

As the visitors departed, the happy wife and mother flew up to her room with her joyful tidings.

"I told you," Morell said, when all was revealed, "that better times were coming; but I did not know it would be through you, Emily. I am fated to be always your debtor."

The carriage came, and conveyed the young heir and his mother to the house known as "Mrs. Clermont's" in the neighborhood. The drawing-room was full of strangers. There were the executors and their lawyers and clerks, and there were the Dorant family and young Duclos, with Mr. and Mrs. Byrne. The latter had become anxious at the non-arrival of her friends at her house, or at Broadhurst, and had come up to London to see if any thing was the matter.

It was her earnest advice that the decision about the property might be left in the hands of the court. It was folly and madness, she urged, for the incumbent to give up at once.

Madeleine remembered that her advice had been for her to marry Jasper Marritt when she hesitated to take the step. If she had followed her own impulses, how much suffering she would have escaped!

In spite of the advice of her solicitor, she refused to remain in the house, or to hold the property a day longer. She had been an ignorant usurper too long, she said; her marriage with Marritt being null and void, even if the heir had not been found. She and her daughter had already engaged lodgings, and would go into them that very afternoon.

After consultation, it was thought proper that Mr. and Mrs. Morell and the boy, whose claim to the estate was to be entered, should remove to the house immediately.

The cause was brought before the court as no opposition worth speaking of was offered—though the trustees of the hospital sent a solicitor to represent their interests—and as the proofs of a legal marriage and the boy's identity were indisputable, the decision was given in his favor.

Madeleine sincerely rejoiced in the triumph of justice. She and Oriel, with her husband, had taken plain rooms, where they could live frugally, and she was busily looking up pupils in music and drawing.

This was in opposition to the earnest entreaties of Frank Duclos, who had persuaded his affianced bride to fix the day for their wedding. He was anxious that her parents should live with them. This both Dorant and his wife had determined not to do. Just before the wedding the question was settled in a manner they had not anticipated.

An answer came at last to Albert Morell's appeal to his uncle. It was from the elder Morell's solicitor, and edged with black. His uncle had received his letter in time to send him his forgiveness and blessing. Albert was thankful that no more was given him.

The Dorants were astonished to receive a missive from the same legal gentleman at the same time. He informed Madeleine that by the last will and testament of the late Mr. Morell she was appointed sole heiress to all his property.

It was not the will made when she was his daughter, but one of a later date, made after his discovery of her innocence of the theft he had charged upon her. He had written her a letter to be forwarded with the intelligence of his death.

In this he implored her forgiveness for his mistake, and for the pride which had prevented a full atonement long before. It

would have been made, nevertheless, but for his knowledge that she had no need of his wealth. He begged her to accept now what he had to leave, and to remember him as a loving father.

Madeleine wept long over this letter.

She had scruples about receiving the fortune, but Albert refused to touch it. He was amply provided for, too, by his step-son. She appealed to Lewis, and he advised her acceptance of the good that had fallen to her lot.

So it came about that Oriel was married from a splendid house, in a fashionable locality, and that she brought her husband a rich dowry, in addition to her loveliness and worth.

The family were often visitors at Broadhurst. Prosperity did not tempt Albert again into evil ways. Nor did it mar the nobleness of character that had sustained Lewis Dorant in the depths of his adversity.

THE END.

That Five-Dollar Bill.

BY J. B. HENLEY.

"Sir, if you please, boss would like you to pay this bill to-day," said a half-grown boy as he extended a piece of soiled and dirty paper toward a gentleman named Arnold, a lawyer, whose office was situated in a crowded business thoroughfare.

The attorney turned in his chair, stared at the boy, as though he was some newly-discovered specimen of zoology, gave a long whistle, drew his ink fingers from his pocket, and, stretching forth his hand, received the piece of worn and dirty paper, and daintily opening it, looked at its contents.

"So your master wishes me to settle this bill now, eh?" asked the man of affairs, as he finished the perusal of the paper.

"Yes, sir. This is the sixteenth time I've come for it, and I intend to keep coming till I get the money," answered the boy.

"You're an impudent hound."

"Can't help it. I'm always impudent to lawyers; it's catching."

"You've cut your eye-teeth, I see."

"You bet! Boss told me to tell you, if you don't pay that bill, he'll sue you."

"Sue me? I'm a lawyer."

"That makes no difference; he declares he'll do it, so fork over."

"Declares he'll sue me?"

"Yes, sir. True as Gospel."

"That would be bad."

"Wouldn't it?"

"Silence, you young vagabond. I suppose I must pay it," muttered the attorney to himself, "although I never pay such small bills if I can get out of it. What is a lawyer's profession for? It's only five dollars, and he can't want the money," and, as if a bright idea had just entered his head, he turned to the boy and said:

"Tell your master to sue me, and employ me as his attorney. I'll issue the writ, and pocket the costs, which will be more than the bill. Capital idea. See?"

The boy scratched his head a moment, as if striving to comprehend this "capital idea," and then shook it doubtfully, and said:

"I won't do it. Better pay it and save trouble."

"So I will," said the lawyer, after a moment's thought.

"Here is a five-dollar note. Is the bill receipted? It's so dirty and greasy, I can't see."

"It was clean and white when I first brought it, three months ago."

"

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, JUNE 29, 1872.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers:
 One copy, four months, \$1.00
 One copy, six months, \$1.50
 One copy, one year, \$2.50
 Two copies, one year, \$4.00
 In all orders for subscriptions, be careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at expiration of subscription.
 Subscriptions can start with any required back number. The paper is always in print, so that those wishing for special stories can have them.
 Canadian subscribers will have to pay 50 cents extra to prepay American postage.
 All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to:
READER AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
 25 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

CAPT. "BRUIN" ADAMS AGAIN!

Lovers of Border Stories and Indian Life Romances will be greatly delighted to learn that in our next issue we shall give the opening chapters of

LIGHTNING JO, The Rough Rider of the Plains;

OR,
THE TERROR OF THE SANTA FE TRAIL.
A TALE OF THE GILA PASS.

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS.
 AUTHOR OF "THE PRISONER," "THE BOY TRAPPER," "OLD GILLESPIE," "THE BEAR TANNER," ETC., ETC.

A most thrilling and tragic episode in the annals of the far South-west has been adopted by Captain "Bruin" Adams from which to weave the warp and woof of this spirited and telling story. A train of Hunters and Guides is being cut to pieces by inches. Cooped up in the hills and surrounded by a perfectly furious band of Comanches they are fighting as desperate men only can fight. One daring man rides the gantlet of the fierce horde of human tigers, and all bloody and dust-begrimed, he reaches a Government Station to tell his fearful tale and ask for aid. Then is raised the cry!

LIGHTNING JO TO THE RESCUE!

and this redoubtable character comes forward to enter upon a work which well illustrates not only the dangers and terrors of the wild life of those distant regions, but the astonishing audacity, cunning and devotion to duty which characterize some of these

ROUGH RIDERS OF THE PLAINS,

of which Lightning Jo is a well-known type. The story is not only of his heroic efforts to effect that rescue; even that becomes incidental to a drama of deeper interest, in which a lovely young woman is chiefly involved. The romance is one of unequalled interest in its every feature and chapter, and will be even more eagerly read than the author's now well-remembered "Blackfoot Queen," and "Ned Hazel, the Boy Trapper."

Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.—The multiplication of what are known as "chromos," is indeed "sending art into every house," but it is abominable art, in many cases. The pure chromo or water-color is expensive and sometimes of a very fine character. It is done by printing color upon paper, from a series of skeleton plates, each of which lays on just one color at a printing—every color, therefore, requiring a distinct or separate impression, which must be permitted to dry before the next color is impressed. This process is necessarily slow and expensive; hence, the true chromo is not cheap in cost. The great mass of pictures sold as chromos are not chromos at all, in the correct sense; they are merely engravings colored by overlays from wood-block "skeletons," of one to ten colors. Five or six overlays produce the great bulk of the pictures offered—retailing from one dollar to fifteen. Some are pretty fair specimens of printing, but very few indeed have any real art value. The business done in their sale is immense and will result in this one good, namely: that while it gratifies a taste for color and pictures, it will not be long before the possessor will see the defects in the work and want something better, and thus will be led, step by step, to a knowledge of art. They are therefore good educators. Only one thing the novice in such things must guard against, and that is—the price charged. There is an amazing profit on these wood-block "chromos," in many instances. Very fair pictures, 8 x 10 in size, can be sold for one dollar and a liberal profit made on them at that. So be governed accordingly.

The new book, now just from the press of Adams, Victor & Co., by Olive Logan, is another literary sensation, for which the great reading public will give a hearty "Thank you!" Under the significant title of "GET THREE BEHIND ME, SATAN!" the brilliant Olive steps to the front, and with a pen that fairly flashes with feeling, thought and suggestion, she carries war into all enemies of Home, Marriage and Parentage, and gives to American Women, out of the richness of her own wide experience, such a record of fact and its application as renders her volume both a delicious literary treat and a Guide to Women's Success in Life. These enterprising publishers seem to know just what the public wants and just who to select to do their work.

We are told that about one million dollars have been paid, during the past year, to imported musical "artists"—every one of whom hurries back to Europe to spend her or his enormous gains. "What objections have we to this?" do you ask. We know that, like American authors, American singers are neglected to give foreigners a hearing. Miss Kellogg, for instance, would have felt that she was paid a princely sum if one-half of the Nielsen receipts had been her reward for twice the amount of service; but our own native singer has to go to Europe for engagement and proper recognition! Here is Gilmore's case: he offered Madlle Tietjens ten times as much as the best home talent can command, and he doubtless will growl as big as his double-bass fiddle at any protest against this outrageous discrimination; but, growl away, Mr. G.; we do say that Tietjens was no more worth a thousand dollars a song than Charles Reade's thirty stories are worth \$3,000 for the mere advance sheets. Both sums are outrageously disproportionate to their real value, and are equally outrageous in their unjust discrimination against home talent.

Captain J. F. C. Adams, as will be seen by announcement elsewhere, has not become so disgusted with civilization as to go off unannounced to enjoy the freedom and untrammelled life in the Sierras. He has, by no means, abandoned his idea of a return to the "field of his glory," over which, in company with his noted uncle, Old Grizzly Adams, he so long wandered as hunter, scout and guide. On the contrary he is even now cleaning his rifle, sharpening his knife and charging his revolver for a summer run over some of his old haunts, and readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL will probably next hear from him away up in the Blackfoot country or down in the Apache range!

BRACCONING.

I was thinking of Chicago, and of that poor unfortunate cow, that was said to have been the cause of the memorable conflagration.

Thinking of cows brought to my mind the old proverb of "My cow gives a good mess of milk and then kicks it over," and after that, the idea of this essay popped in to my head, and I felt as if I couldn't resist having a fling at the braggarts and boasters that surround us on every side.

No one on earth loves more to have humanity do good and be charitable than I, but I don't want one to brag about what they have done for ages afterward. I dislike to have a man send some hundred dollars for the benefit of a church, and then send word that he'd like to have his name printed in golden letters and placed in a conspicuous place, where people can see how he loves the cause of his Maker. He does not love his Maker's cause by acting in such a manner; he loves the praise of others and he loves himself too well. He would do good, only to have it talked about; but, if he expects to pass through the Heavenly gates by his bragadoocio, he will find himself very much mistaken.

I am sure I am much obliged to you for coming to pass the day with me, and helping me with my sewing, but I don't want you to be eternally sounding it in my ears that, if it hadn't been for you, I never should have gone through with my work, nor do I care to see you gadding around the whole neighborhood, bragging how much you have done for me. I'd rather not have you come at all if such is to be the result.

If you help young fellows in the ladder of life, and have assisted to place him in a proud position, don't spoil your good deed by continually reminding him that it was through you he has become what he is. It will not sound very pleasantly to him, and 'twill almost make him wish that you had left him where he was, to struggle on alone, for then his mind would not be continually filled with your boasts, that are both mortifying and aggravating.

Take notice of our female lecturers on the so-called Woman's Rights—did you ever see a set more inclined to boasting of what good they are doing for their fellow sisters than they? I wish they'd quit their bragadoocio spirit and do more than they talk of doing. Do they invite the working women to their lectures free? Do they only save enough to support themselves and give the remainder to the cause they advocate? Who can answer in the affirmative?

What they will seek out the poor women who are slaves to their needles, and present them with sewing machines, then I'll let them lecture to their heart's content. Turn the hearts of their miserly employers, and make them give their slaves of the needle better pay—soften the hearts of their landlords to give them better tenements at a cheaper rate. These are the things the poor, oppressed women want. No; they don't want to vote; they want the elective franchise about as much as a child wants a piano.

They are "asking for bread, and you give them a stone." They plead for something to appease their hunger, and you tell them to vote! Will voting bring them food? Will it give them clothing and fuel?

Will you give up your costly dresses and appear in plainer raiment on the platform, so the poor women may be better clad? Will you seek out the outcast and destitute and with your own hand relieve them?

You haven't time? Your lectures occupy your sole attention? Then quit your harangues and take part in the poor with her pen and aided them with her hands.

An advertisement of a lecture on woman's rights gives me a shudder, and I can not help remarking, "Brag, brag, brag!"

EVE LAWLESS.

TWO-PENNY CATCHES.

I REMEMBER when I was yet reckoned among the "wee" folks, but precocious enough to devour novels on the sly, knowing full well that should the maternal eye rest upon me my hoarded "yellow books" would be ruthlessly consigned to the flames—in that "auld lang syne" I developed an inordinate passion for jewelry, such as titled heroines carried about with them by the casket full.

What a red-letter day it was when an itinerant peddler passed our way, with a special compartment in his green tin trunk occupied by immense cards of the coveted baubles, which I, in childish ignorance, accepted as true gems! With what pride I invested my little all, a dozen old-fashioned copper cents—this was in the cheap days of fourteen years ago, dear reader—in a gaudy finger-ring, which was the only article among them all my slender means could compass! What arts I practiced to keep my infantile fist, with its unwonted decoration, in constant view.

Of course I believed that the glittering circle was of purest gold, the limpid set a diamond of first water, and when superior wisdom denounced it as a bit of the paltriest tinsel and glass, I clung firmly to my first belief until a few days' experience tarnished it beyond even my limit of faith.

From that day to this I have renounced bogus jewelry, but, as such lessons are not learned all at once, I plead guilty of being victimized by vendors of two-penny catches on various occasions since.

So to-day it happens that I am just the least bit skeptical and suspicious when glittering commodities are urged upon my attention, and the greatest virtue they appear to possess is vested in their cheapness. I am apt to scent a catchpenny, and keep clear of such.

Our merchants, milliners and general tradesmen are not the only ones to hang out the alluring bait.

No doubt we are often gulled without knowing it, or sometimes suspicious without

actual cause; still, if my next-door neighbor affectionately insists that I shall try her new patent wash-boiler, when I know she wants to borrow my china set for her next dinner party, I am not generally impressed by her liberal solicitude. If she knows I must be lonely, and drops in for a little chat, just to "liven me up," making this a custom every Monday afternoon at mail time, I strongly suspect that it is my SATURDAY JOURNAL and not me she has come to see! So, as I keep my paper with religious care, and as she "can't" afford to take a paper—"being only a few hundreds richer a year than I"—I post a boy off to the news depot to secure an extra copy, and gladden my neighbor's heart by giving her mine, hoping in time that she may see the error of her ways and practice wisdom, which means—subscribe.

Catch-pennies! where don't we find them? Guilelessly transparent inducements to invest in this-that-or-the-other-thing, very plausible indeed, but with a subsequent motive tucked away in the shade until our good nature over the first supposed bargain paves the way for its production. Oftentimes, in the glow of our self-conscious triumph we swallow the bait with a smiling countenance, and only discover the blunder when the hook is fast in our gullet.

J. D. B.

BE COURTEOUS AT HOME.

Why not polite? How much does it cost you to say "I thank you?" Why not practice it at home—to your husband, to your children, your domestic? If a stranger does you some little act of courtesy, how sweet the smiling acknowledgment! If your husband, ah, it is a matter of course—no need of thanks.

Should an acquaintance tread on your dress, your best, very best, and chance to tear it, how profuse you are with your "Never mind—don't think of it—I don't care at all." If a husband does it, he gets a frown; if a child, it is chastised.

"Ah, these are little things," say you, but they tell mightily upon the heart, let me assure you, little as they are.

A gentleman stops at a friend's house and finds it in confusion. He sees nothing for which to apologize—never thinks of such matters. Every thing is right—cold supper, cold room, crying children—perfectly comfortable, all right. Goes home, where his wife has been taking care of the sick ones, and working her life most out. "Don't see why things can't be kept in order—there never was such cross children before."

No apologies accepted at home. Why not be polite at home? Why not use freely that golden coin of courtesy? How sweetly they sound, those little words: "I thank you," or "You are very kind." Thrice sweet from the lips of those we love, when the smile makes the eye sparkle with the light of affection.

Be polite to your children. Do you expect them to be mindful of your welfare, to grow glad at your approach, to bound away to do your pleasure before the request is half spoken? Then, with all your dignity and authority mingle politeness; give it a niche in your household temple.

Foolscap Papers.

A Word with Boys.

You should never thrash your younger brothers, unless it is very necessary, and under the most aggravating circumstances. —I mean when they refuse to give you the biggest piece of their apple, or their cake, or when they refuse to saw your wood, or run after your ball.

Tobacco is very filthy. You should never use it under any consideration—in the presence of your parents.

If, in throwing stones at somebody's window, you should accidentally break one, don't be afraid to tell the policeman, and have to run more than five squares to catch you, and settle for it promptly.

When in the pursuit of innocent pleasure, it becomes necessary for you to stick pins through flies, or to pull their wings off, do it as humanely as possible, and if you have to laugh at them, laugh low!

It will frequently happen that you will be compelled to take eggs or young birds out of nests in the trees. This is very dangerous sport. What if you should tear your pants?

You must not forget that Sunday Schools are the best places in the world for boys. When you hear the bells ring, brush your clothes neatly, and, if it is necessary for you to troop over into a neighboring orchard to play mumble-peg and steal green apples, I say beware! It is very wrong; green apples will make you sick.

When front-door bells appeal to you so irresistibly to be pulled that you must pull them, I say to you take care, take care—that you get around the corner in good time!

Playing marbles for keeps is very wicked; but, of course, you will not let that disturb you; play as honestly as you can, and don't "knock."

Don't be too proud. I see that even now most of you are too proud to wear patches, and consequently your clothes are full of holes, and I should like to see you all meek enough to wash your hands and faces in something else besides a mud-puddle.

Don't get mad and strike your parents. Remember they are weak and have no one to protect them, and the only real harm they ever did you was neglecting to sell you to the cannibals when you were quite small; and don't "sass" them any more—than is needful.

A scarcity of pocket articles to trade may sometimes cause you to take things out of the house, but you discount them too much. A silver tumbler in a swap is worth a little more than two marbles, and your father's gold-headed cane is a little too much to give for a Barlow knife with a place to put a blade in, if you've got one.

I always like to see you climbing up on sheds and roofs, for there are some hopes of your falling down and learning better.

I was going to advise you not to be cruel to dogs, but must say as mean to them as you can, for I don't like them myself. I was also going to tell you not to tell any stories, but that would do no good.

If your parents won't give you every thing you want, you will find the most persuasive thing you can do is to set up a glorious bawl, but what you want most is a daily whipping, which you won't get.

Many great men were very dull boys. I have reason to think that you boys will be astonishingly remarkable men.

If drowning cats is entirely consistent

with your ideas of fun, and you think there is no wrong in it, you can drown three or four that are around our house.

You should learn to be honorable in all your business transactions, and when you go to buy a cent's worth of peanuts, you should not get your pockets so close to the counter that the oranges will roll off the counter into them, without your knowing a thing about it when the storekeeper discovers it.

I see you are well drilled in drawing your sleeves across your noses, and you do it with military precision; if it is not necessary, don't.

If your nervous neighbor objects to your ideas of music when you pound on tin pans, at night, get tin horns.

By and by the probability is that you will grow up to be young men if you behave yourselves, and don't get fatally injured, in creeping under circus canvas, by some hard-hearted and hard-clubbed showman. All you want is to be a

WASHINGTON, WHITEHORSE.

Short Stories from History.

Origin of the Drama.—Æschylus, who was born eleven years after Thespis had first performed his "Alcestis," found the drama enveloped in a rude vestment, deficient both in grace and dignity, expressing its conceptions sometimes with elegance, but generally in a low and feeble style, polluted with indecencies.

Æschylus was the first to introduce two actors on the stage in his tragedies, and clothed them with dresses suitable to their character. Afterward copying the example of Sophocles, who had just entered on his theatrical career, he admitted a third, and sometimes even a fourth actor. By this multiplicity of personages, one of his actors naturally became the hero of the piece, and attracted to himself the principal interest; and as the chorus now held but a subordinate station, Æschylus took care to shorten its part materially.

The poet has been censured for admitting mute characters into his dramas; thus Achilles, after the death of his friend, and Niobe, after the destruction of her children, appeared on the stage, and remained motionless during several scenes, with their heads covered, and in utter silence. It may, however, be doubted whether, if their eyes had been suffused in tears, and they had poured forth the bitterest lamentations, they could have produced an effect so terrible as this veil, this silence, this abandonment to grief.

Let the noble and elevated style of tragedy should not leave in the minds of the audience a sufficient impression of grandeur, it was deemed necessary, in order to captivate the multitude, that every part of the spectacle should combine to produce the same effect. It was then the general opinion that nature, by bestowing on the ancient heroes a more lofty stature, had impressed on their persons a majesty which procured them as much respect from the people as the ensigns of dignity by which they were accompanied. Æschylus, therefore, raised his actors on high stilts or buskins, and clothed them in flowing and magnificent robes.

Instead of the wretched scaffolds which were formerly erected in haste, Æschylus obtained a theater furnished with machines, and embellished with decorations. Here the sound of the trumpet was reverberated, incense was seen to burn on the altars, the shades of the dead to arise from the tomb, and the furies to rush from the gulfs of Tartarus. In one of these pieces, these infernal divinities were represented with masks of horrid paleness, torches in their hands, serpents entwined in their hair, and followed by a numerous retinue of dreadful specters. It is related that, at the sight of them, and the sound of their terrific howlings, terror seized on the whole assembly, women fainted, and children expired with fear; and that the magistrates, to prevent similar accidents in the future, commanded that the chorus should only consist of fifteen actors, instead of fifty. The effect of so many new objects could not but astonish the spectators; nor were they less surprised and delighted at the intelligence displayed by the actors, whom Æschylus always exercised himself; he regulated their steps, and taught them to give additional force to their action by new and expressive gestures.

Æschylus wrote ninety tragedies, forty of which were rewarded with the public prize, and yet only seven of them have been preserved. Some expressions in one of his plays had nearly proved fatal to him; for, in consequence of them, he was accused of impiety, and condemned to be stoned to death. The sentence was just going to be put into execution, when his brother Amyntas, with a happy presence of mind, throwing aside his cloak, showed an arm, the hand of which had been cut off when he was fighting at the battle of Salamis, in defense of his country. The sight made such an impression on the judges, that, touched with the remembrance of his valor, and the friendship he showed for his brother, they pardoned Æschylus. The poet, however, resented the indignity of this persecution so much, that he had an everlasting adieu to his native place, and retired to the court of Hiero, king of Sicily, where he lived till his death.

Suidas having said that Æschylus retired into Sicily because the seats broke down during the representation of one of his tragedies, some have taken this literally; but, according to Joseph Scaliger, it was a phrase among the comedians to say that one had broken down the seats, whose piece could not stand, but fell to the ground. The truth was, that the pieces of Æschylus had begun to be less pleasing to the Athenians than those of Sophocles, a younger and more polished writer; and it is to this cause that Suidas, by the figurative expression he has used, would impute the retirement of Æschylus, rather than to any resentment he may have felt for the jeopardy in which his life was placed by the accusation of impiety.

EQUAL TO "THE DARK SECRET!"

In number 123 of the SATURDAY JOURNAL we shall commence Mrs. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON's superb love and life romance.

STRANGELY WED.

—one of the most attractive serials ever published in these columns—is saying much in view of the splendid record we have made. Those who have been delighted with Mrs. ELLIOT's most admirable novel, now just finished, will give Mrs. BURTON's captivating contribution an eager welcome.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only when stamps accompany the inclosure, for each return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit, or fitness; second upon excellence of MS; third, upon brevity. Of two MSS. of equal merit, we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note for paper as most convenient and collected composition. Each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its full or page number.—Rejection of a MS. means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unsuitable to us are well worthy of use.—All correspondence and popular writers will find it more ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

WE CAN NOT MAKE USE OF "STOVEPIPE HATS." "My Treasures," "From," "A Good For Nothing," "Follow," "The Price of Blood," "Old Jim Rash's Best Shot," "The Cussen," "A Feast of Fiddles," "Let Well Enough Alone."

We will try and find a place for "Where Art Thou Now?" "Orders," "Hard Tasks," "Time is Money," "Making Farming Pleasant," "Without Hears," "Bringing To-day," "I Stoop to Conquer," "My Other Half."

Miss M. K. We return sketch and poem.
 M. M. C. Bayard Taylor is "about town" now. He is not what any one, critical in physiognomy, would call a striking man. Longfellow is a widower. Lowell is married. The year 1853, B. C. 2, is so called; so is Walt Whitman, which may account for his love of every thing, from a lobster to an antiquated female; but he has not yet opened up Uta to contract their powers, you see.

D. L. G. There always is room for just one more writer on our paper, but he or she must be "of august company most worthy." What is true, or commonplace, or dedicated in rhyme, sense or substance, can find no favor with us. So be your own judge as to the prospects of acceptance or rejection.

VENDORS. Have your monogram, or crest, upon your note paper stamped. The latest way to do so is to keep it at present it is "the fashion." White paper is in better taste than that which is tinted.

CONSTANT READER. 1. Diagrams and problems in geometry, run-dials, maps and globes, were invented by ANAXIMANDER in the year 600 B. C. Chess was invented 608 B. C.—The Alexandrian library was founded in 384 A. D.—The first hermit was Paul, and monasteries were first built about A. D. 285.

FANNY FEENE. Linen hats will be much worn this season. They are appropriate for young people, both as "dusters" and walking suits.

AMATEUR. We can not be your adviser in regard to being right or wrong for to attend the theater. Ask your parents to advise you upon the subject.

MARY F. It is very difficult to keep Canary birds in good health. The safest way to do so is to keep the cages so that no draught of air can strike the birds; give them rape seeds, mixed with water; chop a piece of cucumber, and grate on the floor of the cage; give them water for bathing, and keep the room at a moderate temperature. When the birds are molting, give them plenty of rape seed, slightly moistened; a little cracker, grated fine. Hard-boiled egg, twice a week, is excellent.

JAMES L. It is very easy to detect a genuine diamond from an imitation. The diamond is polished and yet uncut. Diamonds, although brilliant, are not transparent; so, if the letters shine through and are visible, when the stone is held to the light, "stone" can at once be set aside as paste, rock crystal, or other imitations.

FATHER. We do not approve of corporal punishment in schools, as it teaches the temper, and the constitutions of boys. School masters should not inflict punishment upon other persons' children, which they would not give their own. Adison says: "I am confident that no boy, who will not be allured by letters without flows, will ever be brought to any thing with them."

KATE. Crimson cloth jackets or saracques, trimmed with jet beads and ornaments, and having the bonnet trimmings to match, form a pretty contrast, and are very fashionable for opera wear or afternoon reception.

HANDSHAKING. The fashion of shaking hands arose as follows: in early times, when every man made his own laws, was his own judge, soldier and policeman, and even a law to which he paid no heed, when he met those who were friends, acquaintances, or strangers desirous of being friends, each offered their right hand, and the other, holding the one with which they showed their friendship, or by which they dealt the blows of defense or offense. Each did this to show his hand was empty, and that neither war nor treachery was in his mind. If the hand was not well shaken another when he is shaking hands, unless he is indeed a double-faced traitor, and uses the left hand to strike the right.

MOTHER. Do not bathe a delicate child in the sea, if it frightens him, as, instead of benefiting him, it will only do him injury. Let him be well sponged, especially his back and arms, with warm water, and let him wear a warm flannel garment, which he can inhale the sea breeze. When he is older, and does not fear the waves, sea bathing will be very beneficial to him. In order that bathing should do good either to an adult or to a child, it must be enjoyed.

MARY G. Every style of ornament is made of light-colored tortoise-shell, which is a very beautiful rage. Very pretty fans are now made from the tortoise-shell, having alternate sticks of dark and light color, and they are as unique as they are pretty.

B. H. Do not restrain bleeding of the nose, unless it be violent. Bleeding of the nose is often an effort of nature to get rid of a humor, and should not be stopped, press the nose firmly between the finger and the thumb; if this does not succeed, bathe the forehead and neck with cold water, and if this also should fail, put a large cold door-key down the back. But should all these fail, resort to powdered alum, to be taken as snuff; do not use the alum, however, unless a physician directs.

YOUNG MATRON. There is no better powder to dust infants with than the old-fashioned starch made of wheaten flour. This must be ground very fine. Violet powder is also a very good one. On no account use white lead, as it is poisonous.

H. CAIR. The great bell of Moscow weighs 432,000 pounds.

HISTORIAN. The Chinese in history claim a very remote but fabulous antiquity. The first Emperor, Fo-hee, ruled in the year 2347 B. C.

EMMIE. The Dolly Vardens of which you speak, are nothing more than poisonous of some solid color, recently colored with white flowers, figures of houses, people and birds. They are very fashionable, and some are really very pretty. As they are extremely gay, wear them with sober or dark clothing for young people. Doubtless they will not long be in style.

Z. Z. For amusements for girls, we recommend, as the best—archery, croquet, the hand-swing, croquet, the fly-pole, skating, dancing, and the hand-swing. Archery broadens the chest, develops the muscles, and improves the figure. Every part of the body is brought into motion with skipping. Hand-swing exercise is of great use to a girl, for it improves her figure, is amusing and exhilarating, and does the most good by making her self-reliant and courageous. Croquet is to girls and women what cricket is to men and boys; it expands the chest, improves the muscles, and strengthens the arms and legs. Skating improves the figure in every way, and teaches a girl to balance and carry her self well. Dancing, if not in the extreme, is very good exercise, as it gives free circulation to the blood. But she should not sit up too late nights to enjoy this amusement. The hand-swing is a most excellent exercise for girls, as the whole body is thrown into action thereby.

CHARLEY JONES. If you are engaged to a young lady to be married, it is to be pitied if you do not. If they are not acquainted, to call upon her first, if they live near by, but should they live at any distance, it is advisable for them to write to her, asking her to come and pay them a visit.

HOUSEKEEPER. Rosewood furniture should be rubbed well but gently every day with a clean soft cloth or chamois skin to keep it in order.

WILLIAM Y. The different Ys of the United States, and the number of persons belonging to each, are as follows: Baptists, 4,000,000; Methodists, 3,000,000; Presbyterians, 2,175,000; Congregationalists, 1,400,000; Roman Catholics, 2,000,000; Episcopalians, 1,300,000; Universalists, 600,000; Lutherans, 540,000; Dutch Reformed, 450,000; Friends, 280,000; Unitarians, 110,000; Moravians, 150,000; Dunkers, 30,000; Shakers, 6,000; Swedenborgians, 6,000; Moravians, 5,000.

HEALTH. A cure for a felon is to put some hot coal into a pot, then throw in a handful of hops, rye flour and brown sugar, and hold the affected part for fifteen minutes in the smoke, several different times. A more certain cure, but a painful one, is to get a surgeon to plunge his lancet down to the bone.

SOTHERN. Shillings were first coined in England in the year 1535.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

FAITHLESS.

BY DE KAL.

They tell us that time will down sorrow or pain—
Heal wounds that naught else can approach;
Some say that time will down sorrow or pain—
But mine it can not in the slightest way touch.

Years upon years have passed drearily over,
Bringing change after change in the scene,
Still memory brooding in silence will hover
Around the foul stain where her truth should
have been.

She knows not nor dreams how the canker is
eating,
De-voiling the faith that else were her stay;
Oh, happier far e'er the day of our meeting
Had death torn one ill-fated victim away!

Oh, shame! is this manly—the soul quailing under
The griefs of the past that can never return?
Be calm! though the heaving heart open asunder—
Remember how silent the savage can burn!

When in torture the flames lick his vitals and pierce
The scorched, quivering flesh with such mad-
dening throes—
Prompting nature's wild scream by the agony
fierce—
Still he smiles in derision and mocks at his foes!

Flying from Fate.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"It won't do—it won't do at all!" and then Pelatiah Mayfield replaced the huge clay pipe in his grizzled-mustached mouth, and leaned meditatively back in the soft-cushioned rocker.

"What won't do, Pelatiah?—not that new pair o' steers, you don't mean?" It was a pleasant, half-questioning voice that came from farmer Mayfield's spinster sister, as she looked up with faded blue eyes from the immense pile of razing.

"I wish it was nothin' worse, Sary Ann; no, I was a-thinkin' about Octavia. I don't approve nohow of her doin's—her and that young Chris Winter's entirely too friendly."

"Octavia and Chris Winter?" and Miss Mayfield repeated the names. "I'm sure I ain't seen none of it—but gramin' they be, Pelatiah, where's the harm?"

"Where's the harm, eh? Well, I can pretty quick tell you that my brother's child shain't never marry into the Winter family."

"I'm sure Chris is a likely enough sort o' feller—he ain't got no money, to be sure—"

"And Octavia Mayfield's got to gin up. To-morrow she can pack up and go to her other uncle's—out there in California."

Then, with lengthening face, Miss Sarah Ann Mayfield listened to the plans of her brother, Pelatiah; plans that were sure to be effected, because Pelatiah desired it so to be; plans that would take bright, winsome Octavia out of the old farm-house, and leave it sunless and lonely. And all because pretty Octavia had fallen in love with handsome young Christian Winter.

Somewhat, away down in her heart, spinster though she was, aunt Sarah Ann sympathized with Octavia, and the sight of her guileless happiness brought to mind the days of thirty years back, when Obed Green—a grandfather now—had housed her home from singing-school on Wednesday nights.

Perhaps such memories, and her own gentle sympathy were the cause of the traces of tears on her face when Octavia came in, her brown, wavy hair trailing over her shoulders, all tangled and windblown, and her cheeks tinted like an oleander.

A graceful, gently sort of girl despite the negligence of *coiffure*, with a fascinating way about her that few people—Chris Winter particularly—could withstand. A girl with deep violet eyes, that laughed when the red lips were close shut; with the most faultless of hands and arms.

Now, all fresh and breezy, with the train of her pink percale dress thrown gracefully over her arm, Octavia Mayfield came gayly up the long room.

"Well, auntie, I've succeeded in getting a pattern for you—Why, auntie, what's the matter?"

Then, dropping half uneasily into the very chair uncle Pelatiah had so lately vacated, she listened to the trouble on aunt Sarah's dear old heart.

"Go to California! Of course I'll go to California! Why, you dear old goose you, it's just what I would like, above all things. Just think of it! I'll be back in about a year, with such a rich husband!" And her merry, mischievous laugh rung out like the clear notes of a silver bell.

"But—but—I thought Chris—"

"Oh, you've been worrying about poor Chris? Bless you, auntie, Chris don't care a whit for me—not a whit!"

Her tones were so care-free, so utterly indifferent, that aunt Sarah looked up in helpless amazement. She saw a face whose color was slightly heightened, and two small hands whose fingers were nervously lacing and interlacing; but, woman though she was, she did not see the pain in Octavia's eyes, or the faint white mark around her smiling lips.

She never dreamed of the lover's quarrel of ten minutes old; of the cold parting of the returned ring—and Octavia snatched hurriedly at the offer to go away from Christian Winter—away from herself if she could.

So, without a word to him, she sailed—for "the rich husband," as she laughingly promised uncle Pelatiah—while her lips quivered with sharp pain.

The October sunset cast its dainty red shades over the Pacific coast, where the waves lapped softly on the silver white beach, and crept to the very feet of a woman, fair as Undine herself, who stood there, idly gazing far over the tossing ocean.

A violet-eyed, queenly-looking woman, who was eyed the more beautiful because of the everlasting look of unrest in those eyes, that lent such a pensive glory to her face.

Just now, she withdrew her face from toward the sea, and looked back the path she had just come, a slight flush crossed her statuesque cheek as she noted, walking rapidly toward her, a man, whose face was eager and anxious.

He came up to her, and without a preliminary word, took both her hands.

"Octavia! my answer—is it to be yes?"

"Then in a low, quiet voice, she answered him."

"If you are content, knowing that I have no love to give, Mr. Edgely—my hand is yours."

Royal as a queen extends her scepter, Octavia laid her cold fingers in his palm.

It seemed strange she could not give him the love he had so craved; he was a splendid-looking man, tall and commanding, with heavy mustache and beard that lent him an air of nobility. He was thoroughly the gentleman too, and what, of all his graces

that had attracted Octavia enough to permit him to become a recognized suitor, was the occasional similarity in his manner to Christian Winter.

Poor Chris! they had parted so angrily. Had he fulfilled his lusty vow of disdaining ever to sue for another woman's love, as she had kept her vow of securing a rich husband, since love was so deceitful?

For Mr. Edgely was rich—very rich; and Octavia wrote home to the farm-house about it.

"It does seem such a pity, after all, Octavia, that your uncle Pelatiah was so hasty. That was Chris Winter has come into a splendid fortune, they say, since he left hereabout. And I b'ieve I heard Melody Johnson say he was comin' home about now."

Octavia leaned languidly back in the same old cushioned rocker, and listened to aunt Sarah Ann's endless flow of gossip.

"Chris Winter." It was nothing but Chris Winter now. Even uncle Pelatiah himself had changed his mind, and grumbled whenever Octavia mentioned Mr. Edgely, which was, to tell the truth, quite seldom.

Then, one morning, when she sat reading a letter from her betrothed, that announced his intention of coming East at once, to be in season for their marriage, aunt Sarah Ann came rushing in, with a gentleman at her heels.

"Octavia! Octavia! if here ain't Chris Winter, come to congratulate you!"

Then she rushed out, and left them face to face.

For a moment Octavia felt herself growing powerless before him; her eyes grew dim, and her head reeled. But, he extended his hands and grasped hers in a warm, almost passionate clasp.

"Octavia—I can't—I can't believe you are to be another's! My darling, I never can let you go again!"

He was kissing her over and over, on lips and brow; and she, in a delirium of joy, only knew it was Christian Winter—the one man she so worshipped. Then, struggling to free herself, she laid Mr. Edgely's letter in his open hand.

"Read it—it is all true—I dare not be false to him now."

And Chris read it over carefully.

"I don't care a whit for his claims. I want just one word, Octavia—you love me?"

And for answer she buried her face in her trembling hands.

"My darling," and his voice grew very tender and confiding, "suppose I were to tell you I have explained my private claim to Mr. Edgely, and that he releases you?"

A wildly happy light shone in her eyes.

"Oh, Chris—"

"Exactly. Well, I have seen Mr. Edgely—ah, by the by, here he is. Uncle Horace!"

Octavia started from her chair, pale with amazement. Mr. Edgely came forward to meet her.

"Am I forgiven for winning my nephew's wife by proxy? Octavia, my dear child, if you knew how dear you have grown to me, and how noble I know you to be, you would forgive me, I am sure, for giving you to my nephew."

It seemed so strange, so unreal; and uncle Pelatiah and aunt Sarah Ann stood mute with surprise, while Chris laughed in the completeness of his joy.

"We owe it all to you, uncle Horace. It was you who started me in the road to fortune, and you who have got me the dearest girl in the world—"

"And nearly lost my own heart doing it," interrupted Mr. Edgely.

Octavia and Chris are perfectly content; while to this day uncle Horace and aunt Sarah Ann strive to explain it to each other's mutual satisfaction.

Without Mercy:

OR, THREADS OF PURE GOLD.

A TALE OF TWO CONTINENTS.

BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL.

AUTHOR OF "IN THE WEB," "OUT IN THE WORLD," "LAURA'S PERIL," "ETC., ETC."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PRISONER OF THE TOWER.

MADGE MOUNTON was seated in front of a blazing fire of pine logs, that blazed and crackled, and cast a crimson glow of which it lit up her features with a glare that added not a little to the weird and uncanny appearance of the woman.

"To-morrow," she muttered, "to-morrow will see the beginning of the end. To-morrow Harold Holcombe will begin to feel what it is to be haunted by a sister's vengeance for years and years; he will begin to realize that I am more than a scolding woman; that I can do as well as dare. Better for him that Gertrude Mounton was sleeping in that churchyard, where her successful rival sleeps to-night, and that he were lying, stiff and stark, by her side, than that I should do what I will do to-morrow."

She rubbed her hands together and smiled, a fierce, ugly smile, and then continued: "He may beg for mercy, and make promises, but he won't be able to deceive me again. That he has managed to do too long. I've been a dupe, a tool, a plaything for this fellow all these years, in hopes of making Gertrude's child the heiress of Holcombe Hall, the mistress of proud English manors and broad fertile fields, but all that is gone now—gone like a day-dream that only dazzled to deceive."

The woman was silent for a moment; then she burst forth again: "I ought not to have consented to having the girl called his niece when she was his own child. Her name is Hester Holcombe, not Corwin, and she should have had her real name had I been as keen and shrewd as he has proved himself to be."

She rubbed her hands together in the old fierce fashion, as if she would cleanse them of all complicity in the wrong she complained of.

While thus engaged the door was pushed open, and the large hat of Byron Skittles was thrust into sight.

"Then you think she is lost—that she has gone down with all on board?"

"I wouldn't like to say that," replied Mr. Waddle, "for few vessels perish nowadays that some are not saved from them."

"But wouldn't they have reached here ere this?"

"No, there is no reason to suppose that they would, for the very good reason, that, if the Argyl went down, and some of her

passengers were saved by a passing vessel, it don't necessarily follow that that ship should be bound for this port. Perhaps they were picked up by a vessel bound for one of the West Indies or South American ports, and in that case we might not hear from them for some weeks to come, it might be longer."

"Then you really believe the Argyl is lost?" said Tracy.

"I don't say she is; God forbid, sir; but I'm speaking of the worst possible phase of the case, looking at the darkest side of the picture."

Mr. Waddle was proceeding to unfold the brightest view, when a lad entered the counting-room of Pogram & Waddle and handed the latter a telegram. It was dated at Pilot Town, at the mouth of the Mississippi, and read as follows:

"The Royal George, from Liverpool, has arrived. Picked up a boat's crew belonging to the ship Argyl, which perished at sea in a hurricane off the Bahamas, on the 15th of September."

The dispatch was signed by the captain of the Royal George, and Mr. Waddle passed it without a word of comment to Tracy.

He read it through and through; then, as the spirit of a new hope warmed his sinking heart, he said, handing the message back to Mr. Waddle:

"I feel certain, sir, that my Dora—my wife was saved, and that she is now at the Balize. I'm going down, sir, on the first boat."

He rushed out of the office and into Pogram street, but, before he had walked far, he heard Mr. Waddle's quick footsteps behind him, and turning, met that gentleman's kindly, sympathetic glance.

"Cuthbert, I followed you to tell you that your speediest method of obtaining information is by telegraphing down there."

Yes; Tracy had not thought of that, strange as it may appear, but now he felt grateful to Waddle for relieving him of hours of anxiety and suspense, and in company with the latter, he rushed into the telegraph-office and sent off the following:

"To the Captain of the Royal George, Pilot Town, La.:

"Is Dora Cuthbert among the saved from the wreck of the Argyl? Answer immediately."

"TRACY CUTHBERT."

The young man took the message with a cool, indifferent air, spelled it over carefully, and Tracy thought tediously; counted the words and asked: "Do you wish to pay for this?"

"Yes, yes, send it off."

"Fifty-three cents, sir."

The young man hurriedly pulled out his pocket-book and gave the clerk a dollar gold-piece. "There, don't mind the change until you have sent off the message," he said, flushed and excited.

"We never do things in that style here," replied the young man behind the counter, with an air of the greatest importance. "There is your change, sir."

Tracy could have throttled the fellow, when he saw him dawdle back to an operator in the furthest corner of the room, and heard him say:

"Jenkins, send this off in its turn."

"How long will it be ere its turn comes?" asked Tracy.

"Can't tell," was the dry response.

"But, sir," cried the young husband, "that message is of the utmost importance. The ship on which I was expecting my wife has foundered at sea, and all that have been rescued are at Pilot Town. I wish to ascertain if she is among the fortunate. You see now, sir, how important that message is."

"Yes," put in Mr. Waddle, "and this poor fellow will die of anxiety if you keep him waiting long."

"But, sir, we have so many messages relative to cargoes and shipments—"

"Oh, curse the cargoes and shipments!" replied the merchant, now out of all patience. "This is concerning a human life which is worth more to this young man than all the merchandise that has reached this city in a twelve-month."

The clerk opened his eyes at this outburst in blank amazement, and apparently fearing another shot of the same kind, he called back to Jenkins, the operator, telling him to send that last message at once.

"When do you suppose I will have an answer?" asked Tracy.

"How do I know?" replied the clerk. "Perhaps he won't answer at all, or maybe won't be at Pilot Town, when this gets there."

"But when will he call for an answer?" demanded Waddle.

"In an hour, if he likes," was the curt response, and then Tracy thanked Waddle for his kindness, and walked off toward the levee.

The next hour was a very long one to that poor stranger as he wandered hither and thither, trying in vain to keep up the hope that, now only dimly flickered in his heart. Of course he thought of the past; of the old, old times in Digby and Margate, when that sunny face lit up the scene with a radiance he had not forgotten, and when the thought would come, as it did come quite frequently, that perhaps his arms should never more enfold that lithe, slender form—that perhaps those bright eyes were sealed forever in death, he felt as if he must needs find solace in the swift current of the great river that rushed onward, onward unceasingly to the Gulf, as the tide of humanity tends unceasingly toward the ocean of eternity.

When at last the hour had passed, Tracy entered the telegraph-office again.

"No message, sir," said the clerk, at once, and before Tracy could speak.

"The Royal George had crossed the bar before your dispatch reached her, and she is now being towed up to the city."

"When will she get here?" eagerly.

"Not before to-morrow morning; possibly not before noon."

And now it was only four o'clock. Sixteen hours more of weary, devouring suspense!

"What will I do with all these hours?" he exclaimed, when once in the street again. "To wander up and down those streets in torture; to go to my lodgings is no better."

He walked up Tchaptoulas street, unmindful of his surroundings, until he had reached St. Mary's Market. Here he stopped to rest and think a moment, and then he retraced his steps, reaching his lodgings just as a drenching rain set in, and night—an ugly, dark, rayless night—closed over the city.

CHAPTER XX.

NO NEWS!

In anticipation of Dora's coming, Tracy had a suite of apartments furnished in his

lodgings. There were no grand displays of vertu, no costly draperies, no high-priced fabrics, but every thing was characterized by a neatness in finish, and an elaboration in detail, that bespoke, as well as any thing else could, possibly do, the taste of the man, and the desires of the woman.

There were plenty of pictures—little water views of Lake Pontchartrain, and sketches of deep woods, where sunshine and shadow struggled for supremacy—and statuary, too—Clites and Sappho, and a pure *spirituelle* Madonna, that Tracy had purchased because he fancied it bore a close resemblance to Dora.

Besides all these, there were a few cushioned chairs; a sofa and dressing-bureau; green shades on the window, muslin curtains over these.

The poor fellow had had hard work to scratch together money enough to provide this home for his bride, and now, when he had every thing complete, there was a possibility that it had been all in vain; that Dora's eyes—for which all had been done—would never rest upon that little home at all.

Tracy felt this as he stood in his little parlor, and glanced about him—glanced up at the pictures, at the curtained windows, and in at the cozy chamber, which resembled, in its comfortable appointments, the daintiest nest one could imagine; and he felt, too, what a terrible empty place the world would be if, on the morrow, his worst fears were confirmed.

He did not go to bed during all the long hours of that night, but sat up and stared into the fire, and thought, and dreamt, and conjectured, while the wind sighed without, and the chill rain dashed against the window-panes in fitful gusts.

At last through the curtains the gray, melancholy daylight stole, and then Tracy, unable longer to remain indoors, made a hasty toilet, and stepped into the streets.

They were deserted as yet, for it was quite early, and the rain still fell in a drenching, pitiless way that kept most persons indoors. But Tracy did not seem to realize the disagreeable aspect of the weather, for he trudged on and on, until he reached the lower shipping.

A few lights were glimmering from the decks of vessels anchored out in the stream, which, owing to the density of the fog, appeared like bright stars endeavoring to penetrate the thick mists.

It need scarce be said that Tracy Cuthbert did not expect to find the Royal George at this early hour, but had she not been due for twelve days instead of so many hours, it is doubtful if he could have remained at his home.

The river had a fascination for him, and as he walked down the wharf he muttered, half aloud:

"If she come not up your rushing tide to-day, I'll go down into your green depths to-night, and meet her in a land beyond the stream of death."

It did not strike him that that speech was absurd—as it unquestionably was—for he was so terribly in earnest, and was merely thinking aloud, and repeating a determination that he had made over and over again, during the preceding night.

When his vagrant footsteps had brought him close to the Mint—then in the height of its prosperity—he became aware of the fact that he had traveled a great distance, and that he was water-soaked to the skin.

He turned back, going down a side street from the river, and by a series of short cuts he reached home again.

Breakfast had been prepared during his absence by the Creole landlady, but Tracy could not touch a morsel.

After changing his garments he sunk down upon his bed and tried to sleep. The attempt was unavailing, however, and once more he ventured into the streets.

As noon approached he stationed himself at the foot of the old French market, and waited for the coming of the Royal George.

"The fog has detained a number of vessels down at English Town," said a seaman whom Tracy inquired of; "but now that the weather is clearing a bit, tonight will see them all up."

"You don't look for them before that?"

"No," and the sailor walked off, humming a quaint old Scottish air, little dreaming that the man he left was almost frantic with a dreadful suspense.

The clouds rolled away toward sunset; the blue sky peeped through the rifts, and the sun sunk lower and lower. By-and-by the vessels that had been fog-bound began to arrive.

Just as night closed in, the long looked-for Royal George came in sight.

She was a stately, stanch vessel, and came gliding toward the very quay on which Tracy had spent the greater part of the day, like a huge aquatic bird.

She landed in against another craft, and Tracy was aboard in less time than it takes us to relate the circumstance.

There was a motley assemblage on the deck—men, women and children. Some were laughing at the prospect of getting ashore at last; the sailors were singing loud, and the melodious, and some were viewing their new home through tears of apprehension.

Straining his eyes in every direction, he felt himself growing weak when they met not the object of his search, and it was with a faltering voice and hesitating speech that he asked of an authoritative-looking gentleman on the deck—who proved to be the first mate—if there had been any person saved off the Argyl named Dora Cuthbert.

"Cuthbert?" echoed the sailor. "Dora Cuthbert—what sort of a looking woman is she?"

"A young, girlish, fair woman," answered Tracy, eagerly.

"Ah, yes, I thought the name was familiar." The young husband's heart gave a quick, joyous bound. "But, are you her husband?"

"Yes! yes!" almost breathlessly exclaimed Tracy.

"Well, as I said, the name is familiar, because the boat's crew that we picked up tell a yarn about old Jack Atwell refusing to go into their boat, because there was a lady in the other one named Dora Cuthbert, who he had under his charge. And poor Jack, by doing that, you see, lost his own life."

"And the other boat is lost?" gasped Tracy, clutching the lapel of the seaman's coat.

"More than likely, sir," was the reply, in a tender voice, for the speaker pitied the man whose agony gave his face such a rigid, deathly expression.

His sympathy, however, was thrown away, for Tracy was deaf to every sound, and, like one in a stupor, he stalked over the gangway and reached the shore.

Notwithstanding his air of abstraction, he fully understood every thing that had taken place; he understood, too, the full import of the terrible tidings that closed that day of wretchedness and suspense, and he knew, as well as a man can know, that the dull, aching sense of pain about his heart was threatening the very seat of life itself.

The lamps were being lit now, and ere he had gone far the darkness, aided by the fog, which crept up from the river again, became Stygian in its intensity, and he was forced to grope his way among the bales and barrels that lined the docks on every hand.

At one time he thought of returning to his lodgings, but he shuddered when he thought—as he did almost instantly—how lonely and desolate they would appear, now that he knew all his preparations had been in vain, and that the guest he had waited for so long would never come.

"I can not go home," he exclaimed. "I have no home; I'm a poor, unfortunate wretch who induced the only being who loved me to her death."

Then the picture of that perishing ship came up before him; he saw the pale faces grouped on the deck; the driving spray, the dark sky, the thundering waters, and the crash of timbers, a pleading face amid the wreck; and then he covered his face to shut out the fearful mirage, and rushed headlong to the river.

He had reached the brink, and had divested himself of his hat and coat preparatory to taking that last fatal plunge into oblivion, when a stout arm grasped him, and Rupert Gaspard exclaimed:

"My God! don't do so rash a thing as this."

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 114.)

Tracked to Death: OR, THE LAST SHOT.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID,
AUTHOR OF "HELPLESS RAND," "LOVE'S RANCHER,"
"SCALP HUNTERS," "WHITE CHIEF," ETC.

CHAPTER LXXXV. ONCE MORE ALONE.

It was Charles Clancy who shouted "murderer!"

The thrill of hope he had felt at first sight of the approaching horseman quickly became disappointment when he saw it was not Simeon Woodley. This passed to despair as his eye rested on a savage costume and coronet of plumes, both conspicuous under the bright moonbeams. For he knew it was no Indian, but a savage far more to be dreaded.

He had recognized Darke before the latter was nigh enough to identify him, or rather to fancy himself gazing upon some spectral form.

To Clancy there appeared nothing strange in the encounter.

His fiendish foe had, no doubt, reached the rendezvous of the robbers, and there been rejoined by them as they returned to it with their spoil. Borlase had told him of the cruel internecine and given directions for finding the place. Embittered with the thought of having abandoned his captive—losing Helen Armstrong—he was coming to wreak his spite upon himself, Clancy, now helpless; perhaps to torture him still further—in the end put him to death.

Thus reflected Clancy, up till that moment when he saw Darke drag his horse almost on his haunches, and give out that terrified cry.

Then, unable to constrain his own long pent-up anger, he called out that man's name, adding the epithet, "murderer!"

It was wrong from him in the agony of the hour. He did not know that it could do any good. Indeed, after giving utterance to the cry, he fancied the reverse. The scared wretch would soon recover from his scare, return, and finish him.

Its effect was altogether different from what he had expected; as was also the behavior of his enemy. Both filled him with astonishment. He could not understand why Darke had shrieked out, and ridden away in such evident affright. Only after reflection did he comprehend the cause. Then it became clear enough.

Darke had not yet seen Borlase, nor had he recognized him, Clancy, while rescuing Helen Armstrong. The obscure light under the live oak had prevented it. Therefore the man still believed himself a murderer. Hence his horror at seeing a head—the head of him he had murdered!

No wonder, at such a time and in such a place!

After his own surprise was over, Clancy watched the scared horseman, and took note of the direction in which he galloped off. He appeared to go without any definite aim, and without guiding his horse. He rode like a drunken man, or one under the influence of a wild terror—the terror still pursuing him.

But, long after, he heard the hoof-strokes rebounding upon the firm turf, gradually growing indistinct, at length dying in the far-off distance.

His departure gave Clancy but little relief, if any. At best it could be but a short respite. He would soon find his way to the rendezvous of the prairie pirates, have every thing explained, then return with renewed spite to take vengeance for all.

Clancy, thus reflecting, almost wished his enemy had remained, crushed in his skull with the butt of his gun, and so put an end to his misery.

Again the coyotes commenced making approach, drawing nigh with more audacity than ever. Their courage seemed increased. They saw that the human enemy on horseback had not molested them, but had gone off leaving the prey unprotected. They were now free to devour it.

After saluting the moon with their melancholy howl, they loped up, one after the other, until again collected around the strange thing. For to them, also, was it strange, though they were likely soon to be familiar with it. And the brutes circled about it, now taking one side, now another, as if going through the mazes of a cotillion—a dance of werewolves! They grinned, growled, and barked, their sharp incisors glistening in the moonlight like teeth in the jaws of a death's head.

To him thus menaced it made but slight difference now. He might as well be devoured by wolves as slaughtered by Richard Darke, who would soon return to slaughter him. Of either alternative the thought was appalling—enough to bereave him of reason.

"Oh, God!"

Again came the cry from his lips, and, carried afar over the smooth surface of the

plain, reverberated from the hollow limestone rock underlying it.

CHAPTER LXXXVI. TENTS UNOCCUPIED.

A STREAM running through a canoned channel, with banks rising three hundred feet above its bed. They soar up almost vertically, forming twin cliffs that front one another, their facades not half so far apart. Rough with projecting points of rock, and scarred by water erosion, they look like giants with grim, wrinkled visages gazing at one another. In places they approach, almost touching; then, diverging, sweep round the opposite side of an ellipse; again converging, like the curved handles of callipers. Through the spaces thus opened the stream continues, though not in a channel, cliff-confined, but through little valleys of oblong oval shape, more or less regular, whose vivid verdure, contrasting with the somber escarpments, with the bordering of brown plain above, likens them to brightly-tinted landscape pictures set in rustic frame.

The traveler who attempts to go along the stream in question will have to keep upon the crest of either cliff; for no nearer can he approach to its deeply-indented channel. And here he will see only the sterile, treeless plain; or, if forms of vegetation meet his eye, they will be such as but strengthen the impression of sterility—some scrambling mesquite bushes, clumps of cactaceae, perhaps the spheroidal form of a melocactus, or a yucca, with its tuft of rigid leaves, the latter resembling a bunch of bayonets rising above a musket "stack" on a military parade-ground.

He will have no view of the bright green foliage expanding itself in the river valley a hundred yards below the hoofs of his horse. He will not even get a glimpse of the stream itself, unless by going close to the edge of a precipice and craning his neck over. And to do this he must needs diverge from his course to avoid the transverse rivulets, each trickling along the bed of its own deep-cut arroyo.

Such unapproachable streams are many of them affluents of the Upper Colorado, still unexplored by the land-seeking speculator. For there is no land on them worth "locating"—at least, by those who look forward to forming plantations upon an extended scale.

But there are spots to attract the squatter or hunter—the elliptical spaces of river-bottom above described—some of them like little Gardens of Eden, reposing hundreds of feet below the surface of the surrounding plain.

One of these semi-subterranean valleys claims our attention. Looking down into it from the cliff-edge, we behold a vegetation of every shade and hue, from clearest emerald to darkest Lincoln green. We see a stream gliding on through its center, with the sheen of silver and the sinuosity of a snake. We observe birds of bright plumage, with pinions spread, flitting from tree to tree. We hear their shrill cries and sweet warblings, all in striking contrast with the somber silence of the desert behind us.

If we think of descending into this sunken Paradise, or Hesperides, we shall have to make a long *debout*, and go down through one of the *gules* intersecting the plateau at right-angles to that of the main stream. And we should have difficulty in discovering which one of them would afford a practicable path to the level below. No traveler of the common kind would be likely to find it. Yet some have found the way, as is proved by a group of tents standing under the tall pecan-trees that fringe the stream, here and there extending back to the bottom of the bluff.

They are tents of rude construction, partly covered with the skins of animals, partly with scraps of old canvas, in places eked out with a piece of blanket or a cast coat.

No one could mistake them for the tents of ordinary travelers; and they are equally unlike those that would be seen in an encampment of Indians. To whom, then, do they belong? Were their owners present there need be no difficulty in answering the question. But they are not. Neither outside of them, nor inside, is a soul to be seen; not anywhere around. No human form appears in the valley; no voice of man is heard reverberating from its cliffs. If there were, the birds would neither be so strident nor so softly melodious.

And yet the place shows signs of recent occupation. There are fires outside the tents, still smoldering; and within implements, utensils, articles of bedding, provisions. In some there are bottles and stone jars, containing strong drinks, both brandy and whisky; and, besides these, good store of tobacco. Than this no better proof that the encampment, though deserted, is not abandoned, whether its owners be white men or Indians.

Who and what are they? Red-skins or pale-faces, which?

The question will soon be answered; for yonder they come!

CHAPTER LXXXVII. A CHANGE OF COLOR.

DESCENDING through one of the gorges that lead down from the upper plain, a cohort of horsemen is seen entering the valley and continuing on toward the camp. The confident air with which they approach it tells that they are the owners of the empty tents.

They ride in Indian file—the narrow path compelling them to this mode of march. To all appearance they are Indian warriors. The copper hue of their skins, with its smearing of paint, their buck-skin breech-clouts, fringed leggings, and feather head-dresses are all articles of Indian costume.

There is one among them who differs from the rest, as also from the American aboriginal. His skin is yellow, not red; his hair crisped, not hanging; And, instead of dressed deer-skin, he is clad in cotton habiliments; a coarse shirt and loose drawers, with wool hat upon his head. His complexion bespeaks him a mulatto; his costume a plantation slave. Although with the warriors, he is evidently not of them. The manner in which he is treated proclaims him their prisoner.

Once in the valley bottom, they break rank—or, rather, file—and ride on toward the tents in a ruck. This is not Indian discipline, and should cause doubt about their being of the race of red-men.

There need be no uncertainty after they arrive at the encampment. Any one then hearing their converse could tell they are not Comanches, although wearing the Comanche dress.

After dismounting and making their

horses fast to the trees, they enter the tents, bring out bottles and tobacco, take a drink, and commence smoking.

Beyond this they make no further movement, either to unsaddle their horses or strip off their accoutrements, as if for a prolonged stay.

They evidently await the coming up of others, with some one to give them directions.

They have not long to wait. Soon a second and smaller party is seen coming down the gorge; like the first, costumed *a la Comanche*. At its head is a man of Herculean stature, evidently the chief of all.

On reaching the encampment he gazes around, his glance sent inquiringly through the tents. Then he calls aloud, interrogatively:

"Haven't they got here yet?"

There is no response, and he repeats the inquiry.

It is answered by one of those first upon the ground:

"No, cap', they ain't got hyar yet; ne'er a one of 'em."

The chief gives utterance to an exclamation resembling the bellow of a bull, only more blasphemous. Then, gritting his teeth together, he flings himself from the saddle, his escort doing likewise.

When on foot, he says to his surrounding:

"Boys! I reckon they must have gone astray while crossin' the big plain; an' that's what's detainin' them. 'Twar a mistake to trust to two greenhorns, as both air. I see that now, but there's no help for it. Lucky they ain't got the heavy along wi' them. I guess they'll find their way after wanderin' a bit. If they don't, some o' us must go back in search of them. Meantime, there ain't no reason for our bein' savages any longer. I s'pose you all want once more to become civilized bein's, and as such, make a visit to the settlements. With the contents of these barrels to buy diversion with, I reckon ye'll be inclined to spend a month or two 'mong the senoritas of San Antonio. Is that your idea?"

The answer was a shout of affirmation, simultaneous, unanimous.

"Then let's prepare for leavin'; and I say the sooner the better. If we've got to go back in search of them that's now missin', we'll be safer changin' the color of our skins, as well as castin' off this truck that's the clingin' around us. It's done good service this time, and may do ag'in. For all that, we won't want it any more now. 'Tharfor' let's leave it off, and take a plunge out o' savage life into civilization."

The speaker ended his harangue by throwing aside the garb that to his rough, gigantic figure an air of picturesqueness.

Off came buck-skin breeches, leggings and moccasins, with the plumed turban encircling his brow. Then going inside one of the tents, he came out again holding in his hand what appeared to be a piece of soap. It was this.

He made straight toward the stream, and in ten seconds after stood waist-deep in the water, scrubbing his skin like one determined upon a severe course of hydropathic treatment.

His comrades were soon beside him, imitating his example.

When they returned to the bank, and there stood dripping in *puris naturalibus*, it could be seen that there was not an Indian among them. They were all of the boasted Caucasian race; white—or, rather, might be called tripe color—both in shape and hue far inferior to the bronze-skinned, symmetrical savage.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 97.)

Not Wisely, but too Well.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

"VASSAR CARLETON, I do not believe you ever loved; nay, I do not give you credit for possessing a heart."

"Indeed, Miss Ambrose, and why, may I ask?"

"Simply because I have never seen you touched by feeling; you give freely of your riches to the poor; you have stood night after night by the bedside of the sick, and yet showed no sympathy; I saw you when you stood over the open grave of your mother, and stern and cold was your face, not soft and saddened by grief."

"You are a good 'catch,' an elegant man of the world, a cynic, a heartless flirt, some say, and yet I have never known you to feel; I do not believe you could love a woman."

"Beatrice Ambrose, you know not what you say; you are a foolish girl," and so she dark, earnest eyes of the man before her looked down into her own, and his deep voice was stern, the saucy beauty was startled at the emotion her words had caused.

Both of them were the petted idols of society, in the town of M—; the one, a man whose early life had been one of adventure, and lay in mystery, for of the past he seldom spoke.

A wild boy, an only child of wealthy parents, he had run away from home and gone to sea, when but sixteen years of age, and for nearly as many years he was not heard from, and all had believed him lost, when he suddenly returned home to find his father dead, and his aged mother rapidly journeying toward the grave.

A year after, his mother died, and Vassar Carleton inherited the vast wealth of his parents.

Again he left his home, and after nearly two years' absence, it was whispered that he would soon return home.

The old Carleton manor-house was thoroughly overhauled, the grounds were enlarged and improved; the stables were supplied with superb horses and carriages; foreign paintings adorned the walls of the mansion, which was filled with costly furniture, and the old house and its broad acres became a palace in an Eden of beauty.

Then once more it re-echoed to the tread of its owner, and the polished man—the handsome, fascinating, wealthy Vassar Carleton—became society's favorite; and yet years passed on, and designing mammas found it impossible to insure him in the toils of matrimony.

The other—Beatrice Ambrose—was a beauty and an heiress. Accomplished, witty and graceful, she had broken the hearts of all her admirers, excepting one, and that one was Vassar Carleton.

Certainly he admired her, and appreciated her noble qualities, and feeling that she did not seek his companionship, except in true friendship, the girl had found favor in the eyes of the man of the world.

He had accompanied Beatrice to a festi-

party that was held some few miles from M—, upon the banks of a beautiful lake.

While others of the gay throng were enjoying themselves in boating, fishing, dancing and flirting, Vassar Carleton and Beatrice Ambrose had strolled together along the shore of the lake, and it was in answer to some remark of his, of a cynical nature, that she spoke as she did about his heartlessness.

Impressed by his stern manner, called up by her words, Beatrice remained silent for some moments, and then, stopping beside a fallen tree, her companion said:

"You accuse me of having no heart—of never having loved a woman; do you care to hear a page of my past life?"

"Indeed, I would, if you place sufficient confidence in me to tell me."

"I do trust you; I know you better than the world knows you, and beneath your coquetry there lies the heart of a true woman."

"Sit there, and I will tell you what I have never told another living being."

Half-frightened by his manner, charmed by his words of praise, and anxious to know more of the life of the man before her, Beatrice sat down upon the fallen tree, while her companion seated himself beside her, and began his story.

"You think I never loved; ah! how mistaken you are!

"You were only a year old, when, nineteen years ago, I left my home, and only from hearsay know that I remained away unheard from for a long time."

"A foolish freak to see the world, independent of my father's riches, led me to leave home."

I went before the mast, and by hard work, harder knocks, and rough experience, arose in seven years to the command of a small brig running between the West Indies and Peru, and frequently I made the voyage without a single passenger, and then again a number would be on board."

"Sailing from Vera Cruz, Mexico, upon one voyage, I had as passengers an army officer and his wife, who were going to Lima."

"I knew their history to a certain extent, for my shipping merchant had told me that his friend, Major Nuna Altegro, was desirous of leaving the country without it being known, and interested me in his behalf by saying, upon the evening before I was to sail, that the major was to fight a duel with an officer high in rank, for some insult offered to a lady to whom he was engaged; that, if the major slew his adversary, he would at once fly to the ship, when the seniority, his lady-love, would join him, accompanied by a priest, and they would be married in my cabin, and then both would become my passengers."

"The duel was fought, the young officer killed his superior and fled to my ship, and was shortly afterward joined by Senorita Vienna and the priest."

"There, in my cabin, the lovers were made man and wife, my friend giving the bride away, and I serving as a witness."

"Need I describe that woman? No, it were useless to try; so I will only say that she was sixteen when I first saw her, and the most lovely being I ever beheld; her husband was a handsome, brave young fellow, whom I learned to like, even though he married Vienna Diva."

"We had a prosperous run to the Horn, and then came trouble, for day after day we struggled with the tempest, until there was no hope left, and I felt that we were drifting upon the western coast of South America."

"One dark, stormy night, dismayed and rolling fearfully, the good ship struck upon a rock, and nearly the whole crew were washed overboard."

"Finding that the vessel remained stationary, I told the men to cling to the bulwarks until morning, and kept Major Altegro and his wife in the cabin, fearing for them to come upon the decks."

"At length the waves became so terrible, I feared the ship would go to pieces; so, with the aid of the four remaining men of my crew, I got the life-boat ready, and then brought to the deck the insensible form of Vienna, while one of the men aided the major, whose arm had been broken by him being hurled down when the ship struck."

"I was about to get some provisions on board, when a large wave dashed over the deck, and carried two of my men away, while I had just time to cling to the boat as it was borne off from the decks."

"With the aid of the two men, who I noticed were the very worst of my crew, I clambered into the boat, which was borne shoreward, and to my great astonishment, half an hour afterward, stranded upon a sandy beach."

"I sprang out, and calling to one of the men to hold the boat, and the other to aid the Mexican officer, I seized Vienna in my arms and bore her up the hill, where I was soon after joined by the others."

"There we sat until the morning came, and then what a wild scene was before us!"

"There lay my noble ship upon the rocks, her strong timbers still bidding defiance to the fury of the waves, while the beach was strewn with the bodies of my dead crew."

"Nobly did Vienna bear up, and I having set and dressed, as well as I could, the broken arm of the major, they both took their troubles lightly."

"To shorten my story, we were upon an island, a pleasant one, however, and, as the ship had not gone to pieces, we got from her all that was necessary to make ourselves comfortable, and were certainly free from want."

"A month passed, and then another, and yet no sail appeared to gladden our hearts."

"With my two women I had had some trouble, for they were an evil pair, but, as they had behaved better after I had punished them for a remark one made, and the other laughed at, to Vienna, I believed they intended to behave themselves; but, how I was mistaken, you will see: for one day, as I was coming from a short hunt in the hills, I heard Vienna scream, and then a pistol-shot. We had erected a cabin with three rooms, and from here the sounds came."

"Like the wind I sped toward the spot, and, entering, saw the major lying bleeding, upon the floor, while Vienna was struggling to free herself from the two ruffians."

"Two shots from my revolver sent them to the ground, both dead."

"Upon examination I found that the Mexican was painfully, yet not dangerously wounded, and I extracted the ball and put him to bed, Vienna anxiously watching, with scared face, my every action."

"From her I learned that the ruffians had plotted to kill her husband, and then lie in wait for my return, when they would shoot me."

"She was to be their prize, when, after tiring of her, they were to kill her, and, taking the life-boat, leave the island, with the gold we had, which, with what belonged to the ship and the Mexican major, was considerable."

"Resting upon her bed, she had heard all, they believing her upon the beach with her husband. Ere she could leave to give warning of their intention, her husband entered and was shot down, while she was seized."

Two months more passed, and again the major recovered under the careful nursing of his wife and myself, for I did nurse him, although I loved Vienna."

"Loved her did I say? Why, idolatry is a tame word for my feelings, for I had idolized her from the moment I saw her."

"At length came relief; a ship hove in sight, and, putting them and their baggage in the long-boat, I hoisted sail and stood out to meet the ship."

"They were taken on board, and, without a word, I shoved off and put back for the island, unheeding their cries to return, and determined to live alone, far from the home of man."

"For six years I led that life of solitude, engaging my time in reading—for I had plenty of books—hunting and fishing."

"Then I longed for the world once more, and getting together my effects, put to sea in the long-boat."

"A week passed, and then I was espied by a ship and taken on board, and, weeks after, was landed in Vera Cruz, for to that port was the vessel destined."

"Purchasing a wardrobe, I strolled into a cafe in the evening, and, while seated at a table, enjoying a glass of wine, heard a party of officers discussing the Government of the United States. One of them was very insulting in his language, and I resented it by throwing the contents of my glass in his face, and in an instant all was excitement."

"He challenged me, I accepted, and an American who had heard the conversation acted as my second."

"The next morning we met: my antagonist was a man of thirty, with a face concealed by a long beard, and I also was bearded like a Turk, after my long exile."

"Pistols were the weapons, and I killed the Mexican, who was lying upon the ground, dying, when, suddenly, a woman, pale and wild, sprang from a carriage and threw herself upon the body."

"That woman was Vienna, the one I had so madly loved, and I had killed her husband—so changed by our full, long beards, neither having recognized the other."

"As she turned toward me, in the bitterest tones she gave me her curse, and once more fell upon her husband's body."

"Gently they raised her, but her heart had broken under its stroke of anguish—she was dead!"

"For some time longer I wandered round the world, and then came home to ask forgiveness of my parents for my long and cruel desertion of them. My poor father was dead, and, a year after, I placed my mother in her grave."

"No man has suffered more than I have, no man can feel more. Oh! have I not loved, have I not felt?" and Vassar Carleton bowed his head upon his hands.

"You dear old fellow! Forgive my unkindness. I did not know you, Vassar, as I now do; henceforth let us be friends," and Beatrice Ambrose laid her small hand upon the broad shoulder of the man before her."

"Beatrice!" and Vassar Carleton arose and took both of her hands in his. "Beatrice, once I loved as I never can love again; you know the story of my life, and I had not loved you I would have remained silent. Will you take me as I am, and shall we journey together, heart with heart, hand in hand, as man and wife?"

"Yes, Vassar, for, since I have known you, I have loved you most dearly."

One month after that forest party on the lake side, the town of M— was wild with excitement over the wedding of Vassar Carleton and Beatrice Ambrose.

Will's Proposal.

BY ARCHIE IRONS.

CLEAR and loud rung out the bells on the sharp, frosty air of the bright February morning of which I write. The sleighing was good, the weather fine, and Will Carleton the happiest of all the many sleighers on the road—or, at least, that was his opinion, with pretty Nettie Willis enveloped in cloaks and furs at his side.

"For she was pretty, with her short, sunny brown curls, her pure face, and clear, ringing laugh. For, you see, Will was in love with this little fairy, which was very foolish, of course; but never mind, I'll tell you how it came about."

Will had an aunt (all sensible young men have, I believe), and this one, though only an aunt by marriage, made an especial favorite of Will, and peeped and scolded and lectured him alternately, which Will took all in good part, as a matter of course; and when Aunt Prue's niece, Nettie Willis, came to visit her, nothing was more natural than that she and Will should become fast friends at once.

Will was standing on the hotel steps that evening, thinking of Nettie, and recalling every word and look of hers, and wondering what her feelings were in regard to himself.

"I believe she loves me, at least I can't stand this any longer. I'll ask her to-morrow and know the worst."

Poor Will! asking her hand had been what he had been trying to do for the last week, and he could think while alone just what he wanted to say to her, and how to tell her how much he loved her, but there was always that lump in his throat that would go neither down nor up, whenever he tried to speak; so the

SUMMER.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

The summer comes in chariot drawn;
She steps out with a smile;
Come, handmaid, put these horses up
For she will stay a while!

Give her the best room in the house;
Glad let her welcome be;
She brings blown blossoms to the vine—
The tree-tod to the tree.

A thousand, thousand articles
Are in the baggage train;
She brings the joyous songs of birds,
And linen coats again;

Bright bows to span the flying shower,
Soft scents upon the breeze,
And life and sunshine to the heart,
And tender early peeps.

She brings the sweets of sun and shade—
The poetry of the year;
She brings the fairs for birds to fly,
And bunions to appear.

She brings sweet music to the rills,
In varied sharps and flats,
And earth puts on its sweetest smile,
And men put on straw hats.

She hangs a softer mist above
The leaping waterfalls;
The young leaf takes a deeper green—
Young girls take parasols.

She clothes the fields with rippling grain,
Far billowing on the view,
And drifting clouds are very high—
And early fruit is, too.

She brings the sweet south wind to cheer
The country-side and town;
She causes jasmies to spring up,
And collars to wilt down.

I hear the music of her voice
Breathe all the landscape o'er;
She says, "Young man, how that will do,
Please don't write any more."

The Ninth's Major.

A STORY OF INDIA.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

A FAIRER night than that which found Idaline Campbell seated at the deep easement of her boudoir never threw its star-gemmed veil over Cawnpore. So many charms did it possess, that the fair girl would not trim the lamps, but from her window drank in its beauties with poetic rapture.

Her father was the colonel of the Ninth regiment of Foot, and she had followed him to the land of the Sepoy, far, far from a happy home beneath the scepter of Victoria. Very soon she became the favorite of the garrison, and nightly, in the club-rooms of the officers, toasts were drunk to her beauty and worth.

Unheeded by her upon the night above written, the hours flitted by, and when at last she glanced at her tiny jeweled watch, she was surprised at the lateness of the Indian night.

The golden hands of the watch proclaimed the hour of midnight.
"Father thinks me asleep," she said, with a smile, "and it were unkind in me to resist the wooing of the somnolent god. But I could not turn away from the beauties of the night, and father shall not know that I have been so wakeful. Ha! the celestial scene is changing. Foreboding clouds near my queen of the skies—There! ha!" and she suddenly shrank from the window.

The last exclamation was caused by seeing a human form crawling across the low roof of an Indian dwelling, directly opposite her chamber. It possessed the movements of the serpent, and evidently its destination was an open window at the termination of the roof.

"Is it thus that the princess' lovers seek her chamber?" murmured Idaline, watching the man on the roof. "But no, it can not be, for Iwaddah left the palace this morning, and I am certain that she is not to return for a fortnight. Then the serpent is a robber!"

She moved her chair nearer the window again, and resolved to watch the midnight visitant. Not a sound came up from below, and the man made none in crawling over the light flag roof, so close sufficient to bear his weight. Idaline saw him enter the Princess Iwaddah's chamber, and she watched a long time for his reappearance. At last she was rewarded, for he came to the window, and something reflected back the rays of the moon from his hands.

"He is a robber," murmured the colonel's daughter. "He has stolen the princess' jewels. Shall I give the alarm? No. In the confusion he might escape, and I can not identify him."

As she spoke, the thief glided to the ground, and walked directly toward her; and, as he approached, she perceived that he was clad in the light undress uniform of an English officer.

Suddenly Idaline, determined to discover the person of the robber, concealed her form among the curtains of the casement, and, unperceived, looked down upon him. He passed directly beneath her, and she recognized in his face the major of her father's regiment—Colin Bruce.

"My God!" she cried, "is it possible that such a villain wears her Majesty's epaulettes? I could not be mistaken, for I noted the crimson scar above his eye, and no eye in Cawnpore save his is thus crowned."

With her mind filled with strange thoughts, the commandant's daughter sought her couch, and the following morning Major Bruce found himself summoned into Idaline's presence.

Handsome, talented, and refined, an scion of a noble house, and, withal, an agreeable companion, the major had long been counted among Idaline's friends. But the night previous to the one described above, he had asked for the hand of the colonel's child, but it had been refused him, because it belonged, by promise, to another. Idaline respected the major of the Ninth, notwithstanding his passion for gambling, a vice from which but few Indian officers were free.

He took his rejection good-naturedly, which stamped him more the man in Idaline's eyes.

He obeyed the summons with alacrity, wondering what the Beauty of the Regiment wished with him at such an early hour.

Idaline met him in the spacious and handsomely-furnished parlor of her father's quarters, and broached the subject nearest her heart at once.

Major I summoned you hither to say that Princess Iwaddah's jewels were stolen precisely at midnight last night."

He started at her words, and the color faded from his cheeks.
"And why should the theft concern

me?" he asked. "Is it your pleasure to appoint me a detective, Miss Campbell?"

"Far from such a design," she answered, fixing her dark, penetrating eyes upon him. "Major Colin Bruce, you have the jewels in your possession!"

He tried to laugh her accusation down, but the attempt was a miserable failure.

"I saw you enter Iwaddah's chamber," she quickly continued. "I watched you emerge therefrom with the jewels in your hands, and when you passed beneath my window, I completed your recognition. Sir, it is utterly useless for you to deny the theft. I am ashamed of such conduct, especially in an officer of the 'old Ninth'."

And now, sir, I propose this compromise, for I do not want to send you home disgraced. Restore the jewels to Iwaddah's chamber before she returns, and the secret of the theft shall forever remain locked in my bosom."

While Idaline spoke, the major calmly returned her gaze, and dark plots flitted through his mind.

"I will accept your compromise, Miss Campbell," he said, in a forced tone, when she had finished, "and I pray that you will overlook my indiscretion. Gambling debts forced me to it, and I will leave them unpaid until I can procure my annual remittance from father. To-morrow night, if you will sit at your window, you will see Iwaddah's jewels restored, and when the princess returns she will find them where she saw them last."

The colonel's daughter was satisfied with her work, and the major took his departure. "What!" he cried, when he was beyond ear-shot of headquarters. "Idaline Campbell, do you think that I am going to let five hundred thousand dollars in jewels slip through my fingers thus tamely? I'm what you might term a desperate man now, and must work in desperate ways, if I would hold what I have now."

He walked past the officers' quarters, and sought a collection of hovels in the southern suburbs of the city.

Not a British soldier was in sight, and into one of those huts the major of the Ninth Foot glided.

A tall, half-naked Hindoo advanced from a gloomy corner to greet his unexpected visitor.

It was the infamous Guzzeh chief of the stragglers of Cawnpore.

"What wantest Englishsee?" asked the straggler, toying with the fatal cord that hung from his waist.

"I want a person strangled," answered Colin Bruce.

"What will Englishsee give Guzzeh?"

"Five hundred rupees!"

The straggler's eyes flashed with the greed of gold.

"Who Englishsee wantest strangled?"

"The child of the proud man," was the reply.

Among the Hindoos, Colonel Campbell's soldierly bearing had gained him the sobriquet of "the proud man."

The chief of the stragglers was taken aback at the Englishman's reply.

"What Englishsee wantest strangled for?"

"That does not concern Guzzeh," was the evasive response. "Before to-morrow's sun goes down she must be dead—strangled!"

The straggler executed an affirmative nod, and after agreeing that the five hundred rupees should not be paid until the major received money from England, the conference ended, and Colin Bruce took his departure.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he chuckled, as he hurried to his quarters. "The jewels are not going to slip through my fingers. The garrison flags will fly at half-mast to-morrow night. Guzzeh will do the work nobly. He has strangled scores in his lifetime."

"I will join you ere dusk, Idaline. I hope you can content yourself with the book until I come. Books are oftentimes more sprightly companions than man, you know," and with a laugh, Courcy Delavan saw Idaline Campbell depart.

Attached to the regimental barracks was quite a jungle, from which wild beasts and numerous serpents had been driven. Its shade was welcomed by the soldiers when off duty, and among the giant palms they passed the hours of many a long Indian day.

Thither often Idaline Campbell retired, and to her the hours passed among its beauties were the happiest hours of her young life.

"The sun was still high in the heavens when she left her lover, whom duty kept at the barracks, and found her way to her favorite spot beneath the branching fan-like limbs of a palm, at whose foot she was wont to repose on a robe, bravely won by her lover from the royal Bengal tiger."

When Idaline entered the jungle, dark eyes were fixed upon her, and when she became interested in the book upon her lap, until all outward objects became unnoticed, an almost nude Hindoo, from whose pre-

hensile fingers dangled a long cord, glided toward her.

As the wily Grimalkin approached the unsuspecting mouse, so the dark-browed stranger approached the beautiful girl. Ever and anon he would pause, listen, and then sneak forward again.

At length he reached the foot of the tree at which Idaline sat, and raised the fatal noose over her head. But, as the cord trembled in its departure, a hand hurled him to the earth, and Guzzeh, the straggler, found his arms pinioned by Courcy Delavan.

With a shriek, Idaline started to her feet, and gazed upon the scene enacted at the foot of the tree.

A shout brought several soldiers to Delavan's assistance, and with great difficulty, for Guzzeh was the possessor of herculean strength, the victory was completed.

At first the chief of the stragglers was inclined to be uncommunicative; but, when the infuriated soldiery threatened to strangle him with his own cord, he confessed the compact between himself and Colin Bruce.

A short interval elapsed between the straggler's failure and the villainous major's arrest. He soon found himself before a court, through the sentence of which his head was shaved, and, after receiving forty lashes, he was drummed beyond the limits of the city. He did not long survive his disgrace, for he sent himself into eternity by his own hands.

Guzzeh was handed over to the authorities of Cawnpore, who caused him to suffer the terrible death he had unjustly meted out to many.

Of course Iwaddah's jewels were restored to her, and a few weeks after the scenes recorded above, Idaline Campbell became the bride of Captain Delavan, a baronet's son and heir.

A NICE young man in New Orleans ran away with and married the supposed daughter of a highly respectable lady, and came back for the lady's blessing, which was freely given, together with the information that the girl was not her daughter, but a quadroon servant girl.



Camp-Fire Yarns.

"Panther Creek."

BY RALPH KINGWOOD.

"This is 'Panther Run,'" said my guide, as we were crossing a narrow, deep stream in the mountainous region of Eastern Kentucky, "and it got its name from one of the saddest occurrences that I ever witnessed. If you like I will relate the story, as it may serve, at least, to break the monotony of our ride."

I hastened to assure the old woodsman that nothing would suit me better, and he at once continued:

"You see that the country through which we are traveling is even yet a wild one, but where you now see twenty clearings, there was not one forty years ago, and I have ridden day in and out without even seeing the blue smoke from a settler's cabin."

"At that time game and varmints were almost too thick to thrive in these parts. Buffaloes had not long been gone, and bear, deer, turkey, panthers, wildcat and wolves, were to be seen in any number desired."

"I had led a kind of roving, half-civilized life ever since I had come out from the old State, Virginia, and at last I determined to clear me a bit of land, build me a snug cabin, and settle down quiet for the balance of my days."

"It took me a good while to make up my mind where to squat, but I finally fixed upon the place where you found me this morning."

"I had been there only a year, when another settler, a new-comer from farther west, took a fancy to the valley beyond me—you saw the double cabin as you came to my place—and we gathered together and put up his house, and started 'em fair."

"They were nice people, Dick Atkinson and his wife were, and they had two or three pretty children, a boy and a girl, as ever I saw in my life. The boy was twelve, and the girl eight years old; but the lad was more like a full-grown man than any thing else. Why, he'd go into the timber and pile oak-rails, or cord-wood equal to most boys of sixteen or more, and as to handling a rifle, he was as good as the best of them. In fact, he was a wonderful boy; but that did not keep him from meeting a fate that any one was liable to then, and now, too, for the matter of that."

"It was the second winter after Atkinson had settled in the valley, and it opened terribly cold, I tell you. In the middle of December the snow fell near a foot deep on the level, and directly after it turned awful cold, and held at that for more'n three weeks, nearly a whole month."

"No such weather had ever been seen in

Kaintucky before, and I ain't seen none since. The stock, what little there was, come nigh all perishing—all did that warn't housed up snug—and by-and-by the game and varmints began coming in to the barn-yard, to try and get something to keep 'em alive."

"Well, as I said, this lasted a good while, but presently the break-up come, and it come in a hurry, too."

"The night before it turned a little warmer, and the next morning, there were signs of a heavy rain. It was warm and soft, and the snow begun melting before the sun was fairly up."

"Dick Atkinson had suffered terribly for something to eat and feed his family on during this hard snap. The poor fellow was down with the rheumatiz bad, and there hadn't been any one about to help him, for I was away most of the time, and didn't know the fix he was in."

"Just before day, Willie—that was the lad's name—came into his father's room, saying as how he had heard turkeys on the opposite hill beyond the creek, and asked to go after them."

"Shouldering his little rifle, the lad started across the bottom and reached the creek, which was frozen over hard and firm enough to bear up a horse. Just as he reached the other side he heard his little sister calling, and before he could say or do any thing, she was across, and begging to go and see the turkey killed."

"It was but a little way, he thought, and he let her go."

"The boy stalked the turkey like an old hunter, but the gobbler was wild, and flew from tree to tree, constantly leading the lad further and further back into the timber."

"At last, in a valley, Willie left his little companion under the sunny-side of a rock, and continued after the game."

"More than two hours were spent in this, but at last he got his shot, and downed the bird."

"The boy observing that a storm was fast rising, hurried back to where the little sister had been left, only to find that she was no longer there."

"Alarmed, but not disheartened, the little fellow took her trail, just as an old woodsman would have done, and found her

feet off were the mangled remains of Willie, his little hand still grasping the rifle, which was broken at the stock. He was literally torn all to pieces, and there warn't hardly a rag of clothing on him."

"At first we didn't see the little girl, but a minute later, a shout from one of the men called us to the foot of a leaning tree a little way off, and there she lay, apparently not hurt, but cold and dead. I mean that she had no outward marks or wounds to show the cause of death."

"A close examination of the ground, the body of the panther, and those of the children, revealed the story about as clearly as if some of us had been eye-witnesses to the struggle."

"The little ones had found the log gone, and had huddled down at the foot of the tree to shelter themselves. The panther had here attacked them, probably springing upon them from the branches overhead, and had grasped the little one by the back, crushing her spine, and made off to the leaning tree, up which she started with her burden."

"At this moment Willie must have run forward, and at close range, fired. The powder had singed the beast's hair where the ball struck her behind the fore-leg. This so enraged the panther that she turned, mortally wounded upon the boy, and clawed and bit him to death before she herself gave out."

"It was a sad scene, and I thought it would kill poor Atkinson, but it did not. That is the story of Panther Creek, and why it is so called."

Beat Time's Notes.

A GOOD wife is a crown to her husband, but a mean one is a sovereign—ruling currency.

I KNOW such a great liar, that if I should hear he was dead and he should afterward come and tell me he wasn't, I shouldn't believe him.

I KNOW an editor out West who would sooner change his principles than his linen.

A MAN selling tombstones should talk in sepulchral tones.

A CYNIC hearing a song through, remarked that it was well done—better than the doing.

THIS is the rock of ages, said the father after rocking two hours, and the baby still awake.

THE last thing out: out of debt.

THE politician who failed to get the consulate got dis-consolate.

MANY men who say they wouldn't tell a lie for the world, are perfectly willing to tell one for a shilling.

SOME topers in reforming, drink the hardest just before they quit, and then postpone the quitting.

YOU can't convince a fool of his folly; you might as well try to measure out a quart of beans with a ten-foot pole.

THE first reports of gold nuggets being found in California, was taken as nugatory evidence.

ON what slight things do our destinies turn? Some of us might have been born mules. I shudder to think of it!

A HUSBAND whose wife ran off with another man, said he never had any little fool thing to make him so mad in his life.

MANY a romantic maiden's castle in the air turns out to be a cabin in the woods.

MANY men would willingly let their wives have the last word—provided it was the last.

DEATH is a contented being; he takes life easy.

SAMMY, said a mother to her young hopeless, who was walking on the fence, "you'll fall off there and break your neck, and I'll whip you to death."

I HAVE tried very hard to object to my admirers having my statue made, and placed on the top of the new City Court-house, but I can't. I would desire it to be as large as life as I always am, made out of marble, no brass about it. I want it to be made like all other statues, with a sheet wrapped around me as if I had just jumped out of bed. On the base they might have "Liberty," or "Honor," or "Charity," or any other nick-names they might see fit to give me. I am perfectly willing that they should go on with the noble work. I don't know that they have ever proposed a statue to my memory, but then if they should, I mean.

MILLIONS of pins are made every day, and the question is asked, where do they go to? I don't know, but I find some in the carpet when I go across it in my stockings; I find them in my bed when I jump in in a hurry; I found one in the cushion of the pew at church, for when I sat down with my usual dignity last Sunday, I rose vehemently; I find them in my boots; I find them more frequently in my fingers; occasionally I find one going down my throat. In fact, I find them every place where they ought not to be, and generally when I'm not looking for them. The only wonder is, how they can make enough to scatter them around so plentiful.

Bobson's snuff is the best thing to manufacture sneezes I know of. I got in a pinch the other day—in my nose. The first sneeze lifted me off the floor; the next bumped my head against the ceiling; the next brought tears; the next brought profanity. My wife pulled my nose, but that did no good nor harm. I sneezed four hours and twenty minutes. I took it because I had a cold in my head. There is nothing to speak of in my head now, not that I know of.

If you make your life up of odds and ends, be careful lest in the end the odds be against you.

It is a singular rule, and you will always find it so (except in cases where it fails), that aged women lose their teeth and loosen their tongues.

BEAT TIME.